

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

...CONTENTS...

Copyrighted, 1901, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Proper Position—How Acquired—By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i>	8
How and Why I Learned to Box—By <i>H. C. Tucker</i>	11
"Bubbles," Illustration.....	15
Question Department.....	16
Physical Training versus Padded Cells and Straight Jacket— (By <i>Capt. J. C. Burnes</i>)... ..	17
Hab's Regeneration—By <i>C. H. Congdon</i>	23
Walking—By <i>Stewart N. Dunning</i>	25
Drug Curse—By <i>J. R. Stevenson</i>	28
Athletic Competition—By <i>F. L. Oswald, M.D.</i>	30
Nervous Prostration.....	33
Editorial—By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i>	37

Physical Culture is Published Monthly and is Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to
**HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT AND THE
GENERAL CARE OF THE BODY.**

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, August 11th, 1899.

Price, 50 Cents Per Year, Postpaid. With Foreign Postage, 75 Cents.

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,

TOWNSEND BUILDING, 25TH STREET AND BROADWAY,

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add 10 cents for collection charges.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited.

We accept no advertisements from those whose wares we cannot conscientiously recommend. Patent medicine and other "fake" remedies cannot buy space of us at any price.

We will consider it an especial favor if readers will furnish us with proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. We have refused, are still refusing to insert advertisements which deceive and rob the unwary of money and health. If any of this kind by accident secure insertion we desire to know it as soon as possible.

Date of expiration of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please note, and renew promptly.

THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$150 PER PAGE PER INSERTION OR \$10 AN INCH.

PROPER POSITION—HOW ACQUIRED.

ITS INFLUENCE UPON BREATHING, DIGESTION, MIND AND THE GENERAL HEALTH.

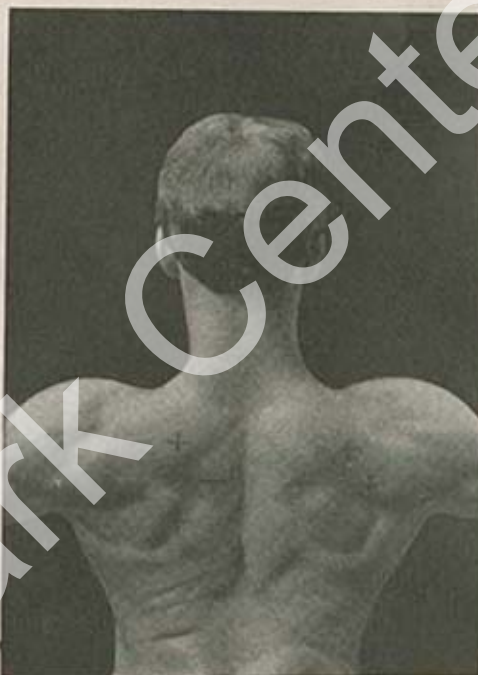
By Bernarr Macfadden.



PROPER POSITION.



THE value of maintaining a correct position of the body at all times is but little understood. All animals except man are forced to assume a proper position whenever the slightest activity is required, and the bony and muscular framework naturally grows as nature intended. But since man has ceased to be a four-footed animal, and



LOCATION OF MUSCLES USED FOR HOLDING SHOULDERS
BACK SHOWN BY CROSSER.

the vigorous use of his hands has not been required, his body has grown in every conceivable abnormal shape. The shoulders frequently fall forward and flatten the chest, producing an appearance of weakness and ungainliness. The abdomen often protrudes and makes a mockery of the "human form divine."

But why enlarge on the various deformities produced simply by allowing the body to assume improper positions? By far the larger major-



ity of civilized human beings suffer from this evil to a greater or less extent.

In this short article I will attempt to point out the proper position of the body, and the means of maintaining it.

How often you will hear persons told to hold their shoulders back or to assume a more natural position. They will frequently be blamed for lack of pride when they assume ungainly positions. But this is not the cause. It is simply the lack of muscular vigor. The muscles which perform the office of maintaining a proper position are allowed through disuse to become so weakened that they fail in their duty.

For instance, the muscles of the back between the shoulders hold the shoulders

portions of the body usually assume a proper position. Therefore the necessity for keeping the shoulders back and down can hardly be emphasized too strongly, and in order to persistently maintain this, the muscles that perform this office must be strengthened by daily exercise.

One of the accompanying illustrations shows the flexed muscles in detail which hold the shoulders back. There is not the slightest necessity for developing them to the extent shown here, but they should be made strong enough to easily perform their duty.

The exercise of bringing the shoulders back and down here illustrated will be found of great value in strengthening these muscles, used in maintaining a



From ordinary position as shown in first photograph bring shoulders backward and downward. When the shoulders are as far back as possible make a strong endeavor to bring them still farther backward. The exercise should be taken several times each day, and each time should be continued until the muscles used are thoroughly tired.

back, giving the chest that appearance of strength and fullness so necessary to symmetrical contour. If these muscles are weak the shoulders naturally fall forward and downward, producing in time that common deformity "round shoulders." The use of shoulder braces to remedy this evil usually makes it far worse ultimately, as the muscles are weakened still more by the brace.

The usual tendency of the shoulders to fall forward is really the beginning of nearly all bodily deformities produced by careless attitudes.

If the muscles are strong enough to hold the shoulders back, and they are maintained thus continually, all other

proper position of the shoulders. This exercise can be taken as you walk along the street, while sitting at a desk, or at any time convenient. If taken while walking in a crowded street the movement of the shoulders can be made so slight as to be hardly noticeable and still be made effective.

In the movement illustrated here the muscles of the arms are contracted or hardened, at the last part of the exercise, but this is not especially necessary unless one also desires to develop and strengthen the muscles of the arms at the same time. The special object is to greatly strengthen these muscles between the shoulders.

The exercise should be taken three or

four times a day, and each time it should be continued until the muscles are thoroughly tired. Usually it can be repeated from fifty to one hundred times.

Proper position is not only valuable as a means of improving one's appearance; it is of great importance to life from every standpoint. If the shoulders are held back, the lungs are more free and one can breathe deeply more easily, and with far greater effect. When the shoulders are crowded forward they force the lungs into an improper position and the act of breathing is frequently difficult.

But the specially injurious effect of improper position is noticeable in its influence upon digestion. When the shoulders are held back and the body is in proper position, the stomach is held higher, and is more free to perform the work necessary in digestion. In fact, numerous cases of indigestion are brought about simply by a position that crowds the lungs down upon the stomach, preventing it from working freely. When the reader suffers from indigestion, if he will simply bring his shoulders back, breathe deeply for a short time, allowing the lower abdomen to rise and fall freely during these exercises, he will notice the beneficial influence of this change of

position upon digestion almost immediately, and when digestion is carried on more satisfactorily the entire functional system becomes stronger, and every part of the body is increased in strength thereby.

Furthermore, the influence of proper position upon the mind is of considerable importance. If one carries the body properly it tends to produce a better mental condition. One is more cheerful and is capable of doing more and better mental work.

If in the habit of allowing the body to assume improper positions the reader is invited to try the suggestions made in this article for two or three weeks. The all-round benefits that will be secured in following the suggestions made here will make it difficult to return to old habits.

It would be well to remember that considerable effort of the will and persistent practice of the exercises here shown are required in order to bring about satisfactory results, though after the muscles have been strengthened sufficiently to continually maintain proper position of the body but little difficulty will be experienced in acquiring the advantages that accrue.

HOW TO BUILD VITAL STRENGTH.

The next article in the series of illustrated articles by the Editor of this magazine on physical culture subjects will be "Physical Culture for Building Vital Strength," with a complete system of home exercises plainly illustrated, printed in next issue of the magazine. This series of articles will cover the entire field of healthful development, and are of inestimable value to every man and woman.

In current issue of WOMAN'S PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT Mr. Macfadden's article on "How to Gain or Lose Weight" appears. Don't miss it!



HOW AND WHY I LEARNED TO BOX.

By Harold Clifton Tucker.



I HAVE observed that all the professional pugilists are strong and well developed men, even as were the ancient Greeks and Romans. Not that I admire pugilism, but I consider a scientific knowledge of boxing as a means of self-defence an essential branch of a boy's education, and the requisite exercise required indispensable to health.

While returning home one night from skating, I was attacked by a boy who hit me and made my nose bleed before I was aware I was going to be assaulted. On thinking the matter over I persuaded my parents to allow me to go into training, in order that in the future I might be able to take care of myself.

A slow, systematic system of exercise was necessary to develop the muscular system. There were two purposes in view; to learn how to give a blow and how to take one. This required a careful study of the muscles and their action, as well as the actual physical exercise with my instructor and by myself. I had two lessons weekly. I practiced fifteen minutes regularly every night and morning, and good hard work it was too. I had fairly good control of my muscles; then I put on the gloves with my instructor, who taught me to assume the proper attitudes.

The first thing he taught me was to stand in an erect position, then to step back with the right foot about fifteen inches. (This was arranged according

to my height, of course). Both knees inclined forward, and to stand on the balls of the feet with the chest well expanded. The left arm was extended, the elbow a little bent, the glove on line with the chin, and the left shoulder turned a trifle forward. The right arm was drawn back with the forearm across the upper body,

and I was never to forget that the eyes must be constantly fixed on the eyes of my antagonist. Another difficult command was that I must keep my mouth closed and lips drawn tightly over the teeth, otherwise the least tap will cause the lips to bleed. Above all I was to cultivate a quickness of motion.

The next thing was to decide to hit my antagonist. My teacher constantly urged that, saying, "Decide first on some special spot and hit me there before you finish. Stick to it!" The best places are the chin, the solar plexus, that is just below the sides of the body, about two inches above the belt or waist, but never hitting below. At the same time my antagonist is trying to hit me, so I must take his blows with good grace, if I cannot succeed in preventing him from reaching me. I lead off with the

left hand, step forward with left foot, guarding the face with the right hand. The body bends with the blow and gives force from the shoulder. I must make the blows straight without any swinging motion. I was taught to strike from any position in which I was placed without preparation or assuming a set attitude. A necessary warning was to avoid crouching the head or turning around or shutting the



MASTER H. C. TUCKER.



CORRECT POSITION.



WRONG POSITION.



THE WRONG WAY, AFRAID OF A BODY BLOW.



THE RIGHT WAY TO GUARD A BODY BLOW.



STRAIGHT LEAD WITH LEFT.

watch every motion made by my opponent, fending off all attempts to hit me, and immediately, before he had recovered himself, to land a blow where he intended to hit me.

The ability to anticipate the motions of my opponent was acquired by long practice and is hard to describe.

A blow intended for the face should be guarded by throwing the forearm up and outward, with the palm of the hand down and out, receiving the blow on the fleshy part of the forearm. The elbow should be kept down. This gives an opportunity to follow on to the chin or side according to the opening.

A blow intended for the pit of the stomach should be guarded in a similar way. With the right glove palm down and in, throw it off with the forearm; or with the muscles well set, with glove pressed firmly against the body, and the right foot back, to be able to resist blow. Allow the body to yield as the blow is delivered.

The detail of the numerous blows and counters in a bout are acquired by study and practice as well as natural ability. There are illustrated books on the subject which can be procured by those who wish to become experts in the art.

eyes. Above all, I was not to get confused, which is much easier saying than doing.

In delivering a blow with the left hand high, which is directed toward the chin or side of the face, the glove should be turned with the palm in, and while it is

in motion the hand should continue to turn inward and the blow should land with the palm downward, the same in delivering a blow on the body, trying to follow with the weight of the body for force, and always calculating the distance and being sure of the reach. On delivering a blow with the right hand always try to land with the palm turned in, at the same time turn the body so the right shoulder goes forward, giving the force of the body.

Another important direction, which I found hard to learn and to practice, was that I must step firmly but lightly on the floor. I was to advance with the left foot and follow with the right, step back with the right and follow with the left, always keeping my right foot far enough behind to act as brace and prevent losing my balance or being thrown.

To avoid being hit, I was to



BLOCKING A LEFT LEAD.

A bathing suit, a pair of rubber-soled shoes and the gloves constitute the costume for juvenile sparring. A set of boxing gloves should be treated with the best of care. They should be hung up to dry after using them, then put into a case. They should never be wet or thrown down or used roughly.

I always lie down a few minutes flat on my back before and after these exercises. Before dressing rub my chest and back with a towel wet in cold water and then rub until the skin is perfectly dry.

RESULTS.

Boys who have learned to box usually acquire good health. The muscles are developed, the circulation increased and the organs of respiration strengthened. The boy has learned to care for his body; he knows the different organs, their use and abuse;



READY TO SPAR.



HAROLD AND HIS SISTER.

the value of easily digested food, regular bathing and exercise. He becomes light-footed, keen of sight and hearing, quick of thought, graceful in motion. He learns to control his temper, to have forbearance and to have confidence in his ability to defend himself. This very confidence will make him avoid a useless quarrel, not encourage one. Last of all, a boy who has learned to box should grow into a well-developed man, capable of self-defense, and always distinguished for his fine sense of honor, his strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights of and feelings of others.

NOTE.—The above article was written for PHYSICAL CULTURE by the 12-year-old son of Mr. A. C. Tucker, a wealthy and prominent New York business man.





"BUBBLES."

From painting.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q. When I attempt to practice deep breathing, and retain air in lungs for a few seconds, I become dizzy. Under the circumstances do you think breathing exercises of benefit?

A. Unquestionably, if conducted properly. The manifestation is caused by undue pressure of the air in the lungs on the blood vessels. This forces the blood upward in too great quantities, thus inducing a pressure on the brain, causing dizziness. This is not serious, but do not be quite so vigorous in your breathing exercises at first, and these symptoms will not appear. Also read article in *Woman's Physical Development* on "Proper Breathing." After a few days commence daily runs.

Q. After my physical exercise I am seized with trembling fit. What would you suggest for this?

A. You are probably exercising too vigorously. Take lighter movements and more of them and the symptoms will soon disappear, if your exercise is systematic and your diet consists of two meals a day. Take long daily walks, a few simple exercises, morning and evening, gradually increasing them until you are exercising fifteen minutes twice a day.

Q. My lower limbs itch after bath. Suggest a remedy.

A. Exercise vigorously upon arising and just before retiring, concluding with jumping exercise, then rub limbs thoroughly and follow with cold sponge bath, and the trouble will soon disappear; cut meat out of your diet for a couple of weeks.

Q. I have a brother who has been ill more than a year. Doctors say he has typhoid fever; he improves occasionally but soon relapses. What would you suggest?

A. A complete fast for three or four days; applications of cold wet cloths to abdomen; thereafter, plain wholesome diet, only two light meals a day, plenty of fresh air; remain outdoors as much as possible, and as strength improves, daily walks should be taken, and deep breathing practised.

Q. I am a nervous dyspeptic. What would you suggest?

A. Fast for two or three days, and then adopt two meals a day plan; be careful not to overeat. In addition, long daily walks, deep breathing, and cold sponge bath upon rising and just before retiring.

Q. How can biliousness be cured and nerve force increased?

A. By a fast of four to six days.

Q. I have small puffy sacs under eyes, otherwise appear to be perfectly healthy. What would you suggest?

A. Regular exercise night and morning, especial attention to bending exercises, abstemious diet for a while; and cold sitz bath daily.

Q. Would you consider a teaspoonful of salt taken in tumbler of water before breakfast conducive to health and the making of good blood?

A. We would consider it a very risky proceeding. Sailors, when subsisting upon a salty diet exclusively, invariably become victims of scurvy. Salt is a mineral, and being such is in no wise a food.

Q. I am troubled with rheumatism in my ankle and knee; suggest treatment.

A. Try a fast of five days, with nightly applications of cold wet cloths to affected parts; long daily walks; then two meals a day, vegetarian diet for three weeks or a month.

Q. I have fleshy hands. What would you suggest?

A. More abstemious diet; no stimulants, avoidance of fat-producing foods, regular daily exercise on bars or rings, and kneading of hands.

Q. What course would you recommend for one with weak stomach?

A. Eat but one meal a day for a period; eat very slowly and masticate every morsel till liquid, and take up some systematic exercise for general physical development.

Q. I have brown spots appearing all over my body; have been told it is due to liver trouble. Suggest a remedy.

A. Omit breakfast, adopt active outdoor life, take daily shower bath, and once or twice a week, hot vapor bath; eat only plainly prepared, wholesome food and masticate thoroughly.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND FIELD SPORTS VS. PADDED CELLS AND STRAIGHT JACKETS.

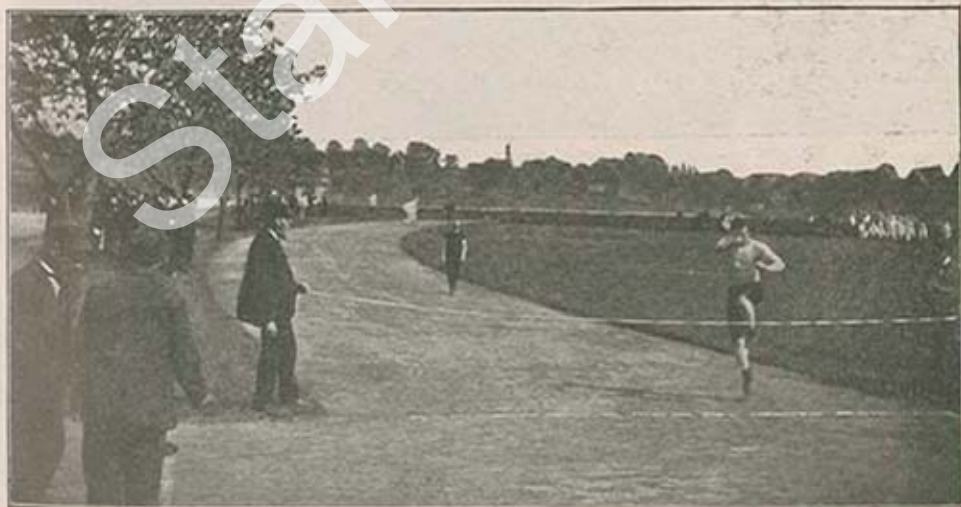
MODERN METHODS FOR THE HUMANE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

By Captain J. C. Burnes.

[Some time ago I stated editorially that insanity was easily curable in most cases, that it was simply an abnormal condition of the brain produced by causes almost as easily ascertained as a headache or a distressed stomach. This article describes almost an ideal treatment—the addition of FASTING, one of Nature's most powerful cleansing agents would make it absolutely ideal. It would cure while this only alleviates. I desire to most sincerely congratulate the Directors of this institution for the able manner in which they have escaped the narrow groove of medical mysticism. And, my friends, I call upon you, in the name of humanity, in the name of justice, to experiment by purifying the blood of a few of your inmates with fasting, and watch closely the marvelous effect of this upon their mental condition. The result may depopulate your asylum, it may send a vast number of your patients home cured, but, think of the service you will be doing the world by proving that insanity can be cured by such a simple means. To be effective the fast must be from three to six weeks, and must be continued until a perfectly natural craving for food appears.—EDITOR.]

WHILE in one of the large athletic outfitting establishments of the metropolis recently, my attention was attracted by a scholarly looking gentleman, with the face of a physician and the physique of an athlete, who was purchasing all manner of athletic supplies in wholesale quantities. Having heard him mention "the hospital" and "the patients" several times, my curiosity was aroused, as I had quite concluded that he

represented some "Health Home." Inquiry of the salesman established the fact that he was of the Manhattan State Hospital Staff from Ward's Island, New York City. "Why, that's the Insane Asylum, is it not?" said I. "Precisely," said the clerk, "and they are one of our largest customers." With a firm conviction that an "Insane Asylum," where Field Sports and Athletic Games were an important factor in the treatment of the patients, would be of interest to the readers of PHYSICAL CULTURE, I deter-



TRAINING TRACK, MANHATTAN HOSPITAL, WARD'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

mined to investigate the institution at once.

After an exchange of certain typewritten civilities between the managing editor and the Superintendent of the Manhattan State Hospital East—Dr. A. E. Macdonald—I received a cordial invitation from the latter to visit Ward's Island.

In due season, equipped with a "pass," I started for 116th Street and East River, where the steam launch from the institution was in waiting. As the staunch little craft rode gracefully over the rippling

called again a week later, only to learn that he had again become "violent" and as all "ordinary methods" had failed to "quiet" him, he had been placed in a "padded cell" as a last resort. I was permitted—after considerable opposition upon the part of the management—to look into the "cell." I did not look upon the horrible sight the second time; suffice to say, that what I saw will remain vividly impressed upon my mind so long as memory shall last. I turned away from that door with an indescribable



FALSE START IN SWIMMING RACE.

waves, I thought of my first and only previous visit to an "Insane Asylum." It was in 1887. I had called upon a young man who had been adjudged insane and confined in a Western Pennsylvania institution. I found him in a large cheery room surrounded by every luxury that ample means could procure, with a private nurse and special attendant. He was in fine spirits and seemed quite rational, and as I bade him good-by, I thought that a few weeks' rest would have him well again in short order. I

horror of "Insane Asylums." That night the young man died, a victim of the old-time system of close confinement, restraint, brutality, and inhuman treatment.

But here we are at the landing. The buildings in this park-like island retreat are not those of an "Insane Asylum;" that is a designation which is never used by those in charge—or their associates—at Ward's Island. Here we discover a "hospital," in the true sense of the term, where insanity is considered and treated

merely as a symptom due to some bodily or mental derangement or disease, or a combination of both. "You seem to have a large army of workmen employed here," I said to the driver of the open carriage, in which I was being conveyed across the Island. "Why, they're not workmen, sir; they're patients," replied the driver, as we rode along the shady driveway. "They do all kinds of light garden work, pulling up weeds, tending the flowers, running the lawn-mowers and such like employments; them fellers driving the carts are patients who have been here a long time," continued my informant. The patients seemed hale and hearty, with the ruddy,

patients of the Manhattan State Hospital to take part in games, both indoor and out, has existed for a number of years. It has been associated with the older practice of employing the patients in light labor, both in the shops, and, wherever possible, out-of-doors."

"Regular field days, upon which competition in outdoor athletic sports was engaged in, were established on a small scale some fifteen years ago; Dr. J. T. W. Rowe, First Assistant Physician, who has served in turn at three branches of the hospital, was largely instrumental in introducing and forwarding these exercises.

"From year to year these field days



DAILY PLUNGES OF PATIENTS.

sun-tanned faces and healthy bodies that bespoke almost constant life in the open air. They, one and all, seemed to take great interest and pride in their work.

Arriving at the great "main building" on the East side of the Island, I found Dr. Macdonald in his office. After introductions all around to the various physicians of the Hospital Staff, and a tour of the industrial buildings, where the patients were happily employed at all sorts of light labor, Dr. Macdonald acceded to my request that he would tell me the history of the gradual introduction of athletic sports in the institution. "Well," said the doctor, "the practice of encouraging

have evolved from a few simple games—gotten up more for amusement than anything else—to the regular athletic tournaments which we have now four times a year—Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Independence Day and Labor Day. Upon these occasions all the patients able to attend, numbering as many as 1,600 to 1,800 men from this Hospital, with a contingent of several hundred from the West Hospital, have been present, and such of their friends visiting them as wished to attend have also been invited. In addition to the regular daily recreation hours, when all the patients able to be up are encouraged to engage in such of the

exercises as may interest them, we also have regular days each week when an afternoon is devoted to practice and contests between the various teams.

"It has been found that engaging from day to day in out-door sports and games, whether in practising for future competitions, or simply as an ordinary pastime, has been of great benefit to the patients. They have been induced to take a fair amount of exercise, and in that way to divert their thoughts from their mental disturbances and delusions.

natural sleep have invariably followed the active life in the open air and the incidental employment; and the former condition has been secured even for those who do not personally indulge in the competitions.

"For this class, also, there has been the benefit of the interest displayed by them in watching the sports of other patients; and it has been found that such interest has generally culminated, sooner or later, in a desire to participate in the athletic amusements.



SHOWER BATH AND SALT WATER SWIMMING POOL.

"In rare cases, where undue mental excitement or over-exertion physically are threatened, the patient's inclinations have to be modified by restricting his indulgence in the more exciting games or by transferring his attention to others which will prove less disturbing."

"Then, Doctor, you regard athletics as being very beneficial to your patients?" I asked.

"Yes, upon the whole, the general result has been most encouraging; an increased condition of healthfulness has been apparent, together with a marked improvement in mental condition. "Better appetite and more satisfactory

"In the different divisions of the institution—the various buildings and the wards—there has also been a healthy rivalry as to which should excel in the competitions, and this has had a very beneficial effect also. Great good has, again, resulted from the restrictions which have been put upon the patients' conduct and behavior by the application of the rules of the several games, thereby teaching the participants, and the on-lookers as well, to ever endeavor to restrain any predisposition toward excitability or rudeness, and it is really surprising how little inclination the patients exhibit toward violent or rough actions

while playing. The fact that a man must necessarily behave himself properly, obey the strict rules of the games, and show a proper courtesy toward his competitors, has proven a very valuable disciplinary influence."

In reply to my question: "Do you regard physical exercise as more effective in the treatment of the insane, than the former methods of force and intimidation?" the doctor replied, "Most emphatically. I regard the extension of these games and the opportunities for outdoor life and entertaining employment, as a large factor in bringing about the present absence from those methods of restraint

indoor athletics during the winter months."

As a specimen of the sports encouraged here I quote from the field-day program:

Baseball; swimming race; 100 yards dash; tug-of-war; running broad jump; potato race; running high jump; sack race, 100 yards; 100 yards dash, 3 heats; shoe race, 50 yards; running broad jump; throwing 12-lb hammer; three-legged race, 100 yards; hurdle race, 120 yards; wheelbarrow race, 100 yards; tug-of-war, 5 minutes; music by the Hospital Band.

A visit to the recreation grounds revealed an ideal arrangement of a superb field several acres in extent, which might



PATIENTS AT "TUG-OF-WAR" PRACTICE.

and seclusion which in former years were largely in use and considered absolutely indispensable. For many years no restraining apparatus has been used in this particular hospital, and the abolition of the old methods is due, I think, in a very considerable measure, to the diversion of the patients' minds from their delusions by the relaxation which the games afford."

"We are now contemplating the installation, at an early date, of a complete gymnasium, which will include an elaborate outfit of modern apparatus suitable for physical training of patients in graded classes, and the necessary equipment for

well serve as a model for any athletic association. These training grounds have been improved and extended from year to year at a great expense until the present conditions are simply perfect.

During the recreation hours—in the afternoon—every patient in the institution, who is not actually bedridden, may be found on the athletic field, either as a spectator, or a participant in the various games. Of the 2,028 patients in the hospital, probably 1,800 men were on the pleasure grounds the day I visited the Island. A baseball game was in progress between picked nines from the "Main" and the "East" buildings. Several

sprinters were training on the magnificent running track.

The good old-fashioned game of quoits is very popular with the older patients; several games were in progress on the quoit grounds, while at each "peg" a group of spectators were encouraging their favorite player or bantering the competitor who had made a "wild pitch." The new game of "Tether Ball" is also very popular, and around every tether pole an eager set of players were complimented and ridiculed in turn by the onlookers. There are several splendid tennis courts, each of which was peopled with a full complement of players. Croquet is the favorite game with many of the patients; at least a dozen croquet sets were in use. The ancient game which is known in Europe as "Bowling-on-the-Green," recently introduced into this country under the name of "Lawn Bowls," is now all the rage at Ward's Island. A very fair set of golf links have been provided, but the patients do not take to the game to any great extent. I asked one of the "Lawn Bowlers" if he played golf. He replied, "No, sir; I can play at it, but I don't. It's too slow for us fellows. Life's too short, and then nobody wants to be caddies," which, I think, is a sure sign that the mental status of the patients is improving.

It is a remarkable fact, considering the mental condition of the patients, that the scores of practically all the games compare most favorably with the general

average of regular athletic associations. In games where the patients compete against the employees, the former are far more often victorious than are the latter; especially is this the case in baseball and other games requiring speed, activity, accuracy and calculation, as well as those where chance or physical strength alone are concerned. The reason for this is that the patients are so deeply absorbed in the game. As an attendant aptly expressed it: "They play as if their life depended on their winning out; they never 'give up' a game of any sort, but 'play it out,' no matter what the score may be. They are great sticklers for 'rules' and 'fair play,' and we very rarely have any trouble with them."

After the afternoon games the patients adjourn to the salt water swimming pool, where frequently 1,400 to 1,500 men partake of a refreshing bath; there the swimming races mark the close of the day's sport. The excellent pictures which accompany this article will give some idea of this feature.

Dr. Louis C. Pettit, Second Assistant Physician, to whom we are indebted for the photographs, is justly proud of the successful results attained by means of the athletic features of this hospital system, and he, together with his associates, the entire staff of physicians, nurses and the patient and competent attendants, deserve great credit for humane treatment, which is not only the rule, but the law, of this admirable institution.

HAS FOUND THE WAY.



AM so thrilled with joy that I cannot keep from telling my friends, and all dyspeptics and drug fiends, of the easy and right way to perfect health. Up to one year ago I was perfectly ignorant of the laws of life. I always had a longing for something different, but knew not what. I was not to blame; I was in a community of prudes.

After leaving high school (which had it not been overshadowed by prudishness might have been higher) I traveled a number of years in darkness. Whenever I was ill I would resort to stimulants and drugs. Suddenly I became a chronic dyspeptic. Such suffering can hardly be imagined. I stuffed myself with drugs and rich food to enrich my blood. My last sickness was an acute attack of indigestion. All drugs, food, liquids, and stimulants were rejected for more than a week. I was so weak that I could hardly walk a short distance to see a doctor. I then took my bed for a run of typhoid fever. After recovering, I was out for a short walk and passing a news stand, a copy of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* attracted my attention. Such a beautiful specimen of manhood. The words, "Weakness a Crime," burned me. I purchased a copy and the next issue came to my subscription. Later on I joined the Y. M. C. A., and the benefits received in the gymnasium are astonishing. I owe all my gratitude to your magazine. You are doing more good than all the drug stores in the universe. Such work cannot be too highly praised. Every number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* is worth ten times its price and no man is too poor to be without it.

FRED. W. ROSS, Boston, Mass.

HAB'S REGENERATION.

By Clement H. Congdon.

(This sketch from life, the names only being changed.)

"HAB" was a wreck—mentally imbecile; morally degenerate; physically impotent. I never saw a more complete picture of prostituted manhood than he presented

Christmas Day, two years ago, when he shambled into the Continental Hotel and asked me for the price of a meal. I must confess that I did not know him and denied him his request more abruptly than was necessary.

"Don't you know me, old man?" he he asked.

"Never saw you before."

"Remember Charleston in '86?—the earthquake? You and me in the telegraph tent with crazy Myers?—I'm Hubblestone—"

"Good God!"—That was all I could say, as I surveyed the miserable remnants of the man who had saved my life in the great shake-down of '86.

"Hab?"

"That's me and I'm clean done for lad—like to die to-night—starved, old chap—starved—" then his mind wandered. It was a horrible story that he told. A crowd gathered when he cried out: "See the red lights—the dancing devils—the fire flashes—the circles of flame—hear the wails of the lost, the shouts of the damned—it's hell, my boy—hell. I'm hungry—starving, lad—starving!"

The hotel men hurried him into the baggage room while I brought a pony of brandy from the cafe and ordered beef tea and toast at the eating bar. In an hour the poor devil "came around." I secured a bed for him in one of the pay wards in Hahnemann Hospital, where he remained a month before it was deemed safe to discharge him as convalescent.

Hubblestone and myself were sent to Charleston by the Western Union Telegraph Company on Aug. 31, when South Carolina was rattled from end to end by the greatest earthquake this

country has ever seen. He was then one of the best telegraphers in the United States and, at that time, I was probably the youngest competent operator in the world. Hubblestone was my ideal of a first-class all-around man. He was ultra fastidious in dress, alert and able in his work, robust and manly in appearance, dignified and reserved in manner. He knew his business and enjoyed the confidence of his superiors.

A woman ruined him—no need to go into that. He needed help and it seemed to be "my deal."

I knew a bit of medicine; made a study of hygiene, and the study of anatomy had been my fad for years. My ideas of physical culture were a bore to my friends, who dismissed my perfect health with the expression: "He always took care of himself."

None of my friends would believe that my family had "treated me kindly" from infancy, because I was "so very frail," or that I had been taught telegraphy because it was "suited to my delicate constitution."

I had long wanted an opportunity to demonstrate the practicability of my perfect health plan and I saw in "Hab" an ideal subject. He was run-simple, anemic, and a hypochondriac of the worst description. I proposed a course of treatment for him and secured his ready assent. My "system" was limited to the trinity of diet, rest and rational exercise.

I rented a room for "Hab" in the house where I lived, selecting one that had three windows, and consequently an abundance of light. Here were his orders:—

7 A.M. Glass of hot water; a tepid bath and a brisk rub down followed by two hours in bed naked and uncovered.

9.30 A.M. Breakfast, consisting of two raw eggs beaten up with pulverized sugar with a limited amount of whole wheat bread.

10.30 A.M. Two-mile walk in the Park.
NOON. Substantial vegetable meal without tea, coffee or other stimulant.

2 P.M. Sun bath under sky-light in the roof.

4 P.M. Light dumb-bell exercise; shower bath and rub down.

6 P.M. Substantial meal with small allowance of any kind of meat except veal or pork.

8 P.M. Exercise, bath and to bed. A pony of brandy was allowed to satisfy him in evening.

It was necessary to resort to soap and hot water enemas for a few days until his bowels became thoroughly regular. On his walks and during his idle hours he chewed raisins, and after about a month of this regime he declared that brandy disturbed him and declined to drink any more. I substituted whiskey, which he took for about three weeks under protest, and I was not surprised when he refused it. Feeling sure that a spree would follow total abstinence, I urged stout upon him and later ale. Finally he said that I would have to cut out the rum altogether or he would quit me. He stuck to the raisins, however, often eating half a pound a day, and sometimes he awoke in the night to eat them.

In ten weeks he had gained about twenty pounds in weight; lost his desire for rum; regained his "nerve" and self respect, and wanted to go to work.

He figured up the amount of money he claimed to owe me and insisted upon giving me interest-bearing notes for the amount which he afterwards paid in full. He altered the plan and broadened the scope of his daily routine of exercise and more than once attempted to follow the pace I set out in our home gymnasium. It was too much for him, but the attempts indicated a return of gameness and his old time ambition.

Naturally, I was delighted, and one night, a month or so later, I invited a party of

friends to my room. "Hab" refused to join the company because his clothing was patched and out of date. He had washed and ironed his only suit; mended it "like mother used to" and really made it quite presentable, but he simply would not meet my friends. It was the return of pride and I knew that I had won my man back to his old life of independence and decency. He finally consented to box three rounds with me, and when he made his appearance clad only in athletic garb his appearance amazed my friends. His chest development was unusual; the muscles of his arms and back stood out like fine drawn lines and his waist tapered down almost like a woman's. His legs were filled out and well developed. His natural grace enabled him to show every muscle in perfect pose. He was a revelation in physical development—considering his condition only a few weeks before. We roughed it for the three rounds, when I detected a show of perspiration along the hair line of his forehead that signalled "stop" to me, and stop we did, although he was eager to continue. He donned one of my bath robes and joined the party in songs and stories and deeply interested us all in a description of a tour of the world that he made when a lad. A more entertaining talker I never listened to—my man was well; my work was done.

When I read of his death at Galveston—he being a victim of the awful flood—I was not at all surprised to read the following:—

"Mr. Hablestone was a marvel of physical strength and had achieved no little distinction as a philanthropist. He devoted all of his time and fortune to reclaiming drunkards by a system of physical culture and rational diet."



Editorial

Supplement

THE CRIME OF FEEDING IN ACUTE DISEASES.

IT is the universal custom of scientific physicians to feed patients suffering from acute diseases. I would like to know how many thousands of graves have been filled prematurely by this idiotic practice. I would like to know how many miserable invalids are tossing from side to side, their bodies racked by fever and pain because of this crime committed by these so-called scientists.

Scientists indeed! Why, merciful heavens! if I had a cur dog suffering from an acute disease I would sooner throw him on a dung heap out in the cold and rain than trust him to these so-called scientists who know so much that they cannot learn more.

Such men (?) deserve pity! And their patients! May God help them!

I have a contempt as deep as the ocean and as broad as the horizon for those who pretend to and think they know "it all."

There is where you find ignorance so unchangeable, prejudice so adamant that no influence on earth regardless of its character can produce a result.

Talk about the starving people of India! Why, my friends, there is more real physical suffering in one year in this supposed-to-be civilized country because of enforced feeding, than there ever was in India because of the lack of feeding.

In all acute diseases, regardless of what they may be, the functional system is taxed to its utmost in eliminating impurities. It has no time to digest food—no need for food. Proof positive that food, either liquid or solid, eaten under these circumstances, does not nourish the body in the slightest degree, is seen clearly in all fever patients. No matter how much food they eat their bodies continue to waste just the same. In fact, it will nearly always waste still more when nourishment is given, because the process of recovery is greatly prolonged under these unnatural circumstances. The process of curing the body of its disease must cease in order to rid itself of the mess that is dumped into an unwilling and unprepared stomach. A body already overloaded with an excess of nourishment must be subjected to the outrage of being compelled to free itself from the additional impurities created by incomplete and imperfect digestion always produced when food is eaten under these abnormal conditions.

The muscles of the arms, legs, and every part of the body are frequently so weak in illness of this character as to be almost incapable of action, and still patients and physicians have the incomprehensible audacity (or rather ignorance) to suppose that the stomach is still capable of digesting food that would nourish a day laborer.

Do you know that the stomach is a muscular organ, that digestion is carried on mostly by muscles, and that these muscles are just as proportionately weak in

your stomach as they are in arms, legs or elsewhere—that even the digestive fluids are furnished almost entirely by elements of the blood which build muscular tissue, and when the muscles are weak this element is, of course, not plentifully supplied by the blood? Therefore, under these conditions, food is not needed and is not craved. But the poor fool doctors will tell you that you must feed—that food is necessary to give the patient sufficient strength to bring about recovery. The instinct of the patient which frequently testifies to the absolute necessity for fasting, is of no importance. “No matter if there is no appetite for food you must be fed nevertheless,” says the wise (?) doctor.

Thousands of years before the existence of medical science with its vagaries, its powders, its pills and its potions, there was in the possession of every human being an instinct which guided correctly his every action.

The dogs, horses, cows and other domestic animals possess this instinct, slightly marred. All wild animals possess it in a perfect state. Though human beings of to-day are not blessed with the great protecting power of this instinct in all its completeness, they are, nevertheless, able to determine when they are hungry, when they are uncomfortably cold; and this instinct, no matter how much it may have been subverted, is a thousand times more capable of accurately dictating as to the time when food is needed than is any physician, regardless of how great his intelligence may be.

I call upon the physicians of this country to cease torturing and murdering human beings by enforced feeding in acute diseases. I call upon all kindly disposed persons to stop preparing fancy and palate-tickling dishes to feed the sick, for such feeding only prolongs the disease and frequently seriously lessens the chance of recovery. If you desire to make your loved ones suffer, go ahead and feed. If you desire to assist them toward recovery, let them obey their own instinct and eat only when unmistakable hunger exists.

What! you think this is cruel?

Did you ever own a horse, or a pet dog who was ill? Did you ever notice that not a morsel of food would be eaten until recovery had been complete?

Why?

Because there was no desire for food. There can be no natural desire for food in any animal, human or otherwise, as long as the inflamed condition exists which accompanies and causes all acute diseases.

MEDICAL SCIENCE! I CALL YOU TO THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

I charge you with prolonging suffering and disease instead of alleviating it as you pretend to do. I charge you with destroying life with your false theories, and you should be convicted of murder.

If you plead not guilty, I will ask you “Why do you compel your patients to eat in the acute stages of typhoid and other fevers, when even a fool *who has studied the effects of fasting* knows that enforced feeding prolongs the duration of the disease from three to four times? Why do you feed in the acute stages of pneumonia and in all acute diseases accompanied by inflammation?”

You will reply, because your so-called science teaches this method. And I will answer this by daring you to test in any one case the natural method of following the patient's instinct in treating these diseases. If you give this method a fair test,

absolutely refuse all food until an intense appetite exists, furnishing your patient with all the water he will drink, the duration of the illness will be decreased by one-half or three-quarters; it will not be nearly as severe, even during its existence, and the mortality percentage will be reduced to one-tenth its present ratio.

The truth of the theory advanced here that under no circumstances must patients suffering from acute diseases be fed with either liquid or solid food, until an intense hunger appears, can be proven by every species of the lower animal world with which man is familiar. It can be proven by anyone who has brains enough to add two and two together, by merely trying it on himself, or others, when an acute disease has been contracted.

Don't be an idiot! Use your brain.

Don't depend upon the supposed intelligence of others. Use your own.

Avoid as you would a horrible monster the superstitious idea that illness is sent by the Divine Power; that it comes on you like a thief in the night.

It comes because *you, yourself*, have broken the plain laws of health, and if you will immediately "*Right about face*," obey the plain dictates of your own instinct, the process of recovery is as simple as a problem in addition.

MEDICAL SCIENCE—OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

EVEN were it within the province of this magazine, but little could be added to what has already been said in honor of our dead President.

Every lover of justice was staggered when news of the cowardly crime of that anarchistic idiot was flashed throughout the civilized world. Prejudice was everywhere forgotten and the sympathy of all true men and women was extended to the sufferer. Even those hypocritical scribblers who gloated in secret over the downfall of the martyred President were compelled, for the sake of appearances, to assume a sympathy they could not feel.

No one was more deeply interested than I in the detailed description of the extent of his injuries.

"Will he recover?" was on every one's lips.

My own conclusion, upon carefully considering the conditions, was that he would recover, provided inflammation was not induced by forced or too early feeding.

"He will live if the doctors don't kill him," I remarked to several of my friends.

My opinion of medical science needs no reiteration here. The editorial which precedes this, and which was written previous to the shooting of the President, clearly sets forth my views upon feeding in acute disease, if the reader has not read previous issues of this magazine.

And a gunshot or any serious wound has a similar influence upon the functional system to an acute disease. It is an acute disease—it is a sore in the process of healing, accompanied by fever and inflammation.

Almost the entire vital strength is centred upon the one object recovering from the shock and healing the wound.

Day by day I closely watched the despatches in reference to the President for an account of the feeding process that I believed would surely begin too soon.

Day by day the President grew stronger, and there was no sign of a tendency to feed except with some beef tea, which is hardly food, and by an enemeta, which is not feeding in any sense, as it was clearly proven in President Garfield's case that it does not nourish the body in the slightest degree.

The third, fourth, fifth day passed; still he grew stronger.

The anxiety was over. "The President will recover" was heard everywhere on the morning of the sixth day. The first edition of the *N. Y. Evening World* of the 12th published the following:

"Dr. McBurney was so satisfied with the President's condition that he left Buffalo for this city this afternoon. He says Mr. McKinley will soon be able to sit up."

Dr. McBurney, as will be noted in the clipping which follows, was the physician who considered heavy feeding so necessary to the recovery of his patient, notwithstanding the plain fact that the patient had improved so much in the six days of fasting that he considered his presence unnecessary.

My friends, there are some men into whose heads brains could not be inserted even with a pickaxe. Even experience can teach them nothing, and any facts which tend to controvert their pet theories are cast aside like water from a duck's back.

But in the first edition of the *N. Y. Evening Journal* on that day appeared the following:

"Dr. McBurney, who remained in the house a while longer than the other physicians, laid particular stress on the fact that the President is able to take a great deal of nourishment, which is an important factor in the treatment of his case."

In the first edition of the *Telegram* this appeared:

"The news from the bedside of the President to-day is all that could be desired. He slept well during the night, and was so much improved this morning that he was given a meal of coffee, toast and chicken broth. His appetite was good and his spirits were so high that after breakfast he appealed to Dr. McBurney to be allowed to smoke a cigar."

The statements contained in the last two clippings were danger signals as direful as the original wound itself. The President was a fleshy, well-nourished man. He could have been nourished without feeding by his own body for from thirty to sixty days.

But with only six days for the two gunshot wounds in his stomach to heal he was considered able to take solid food.

Were you surprised, my friends—you, who have read this magazine issue after issue—were you surprised after reading that the President drank a cup of coffee, ate a piece of toast (as indigestible as charcoal) soaked in beef juice (making it still more difficult to digest)—were you surprised when you read on the following day, the 13th, the direful news that appeared in the following clippings:—

BUFFALO, September 13.

"President McKinley's condition is very critical, but at 5 o'clock this morning Secretary Wilson said:

"The President is a little better. We have not given up hope."

"The grave turn in the President's condition resulted from the administration of solid food.

"Toxemia set in and an utter collapse followed the use of purgatives to relieve the patient.

"From midnight until 4 A.M. the President's life was despaired of. The strongest stimulants were administered to keep up his heart action."

—*Evening World*, Sept. 13.

"The explanation given was that the accumulation of undigested food in the stomach had at that time become as rank as ptomaine, and that a bolus of calomel and oil had to be given.

"It was exceedingly drastic. When relief came exhaustion followed."

—*Evening Telegram*, Sept. 13.

Feed a wounded man in no condition to digest or use food, then give him a "bolus of calomel and oil" in order to rid him of the food!

May the Almighty Power protect me and mine from the fiendish ignorance of a so-called science that believes the knowledge it possesses is superior to the laws of nature or even the laws of God!

Science? Science of what, pray?

Science of ignorance! That is the science of medicine to-day, and it will remain the science of medicine as long as its representatives persist in retarding, paralyzing and even at times destroying the curative powers of the body by poisoning with stimulants and enforced feeding.

We were all prepared for the news that came the morning of the 14th.

The toast, *saturated in beef juice*—May God forgive the fools!—the cup of coffee and other nourishment and stimulants considered necessary, together with the continuous goading of the heart and other functions with poisons, had done their work.

Another martyr to the cause of medical experimentation was added to the list that is already swelled by millions upon millions of names.

"You, my friend, when you read the news on the morning of the 14th, were your eyes dry?"

Our President may have had his faults. We all have our share. But to be shot in such a cowardly manner—like a steer being led to slaughter—and then to become the martyr to stimulating poisons and enforced nourishment. It was too much!

Even the most hardened heart must have been touched at the absolute helplessness of the poor victim. From the highest office in the land to the weakness of a babe in a moment. That was his fate.

I read the startling head lines that announced the sorrowful news—I had expected it—yet it came as a shock. Death, when it comes thus prematurely, is horrible. Death is beautiful only in the evening of life. Then it is natural, it is expected—it is even sought for eagerly. Life has then served its purpose as do the autumn leaves that wither, fall and disappear.

I read a few lines in description of the death scene. The paper fell from my hands. A deep sorrow for the President oppressed me. But as my thoughts turned to the cause of his death, to the stimulating, the enforced feeding, a great wave of sorrow engulfed me—not so much for our President, but for the thousands, even millions of human beings who are to-day suffering and dying in the grasp of the same medical superstition that was the real, direct cause of President McKinley's death.

Great Heavens! can nothing be done to stop this horrible devastating influence of drugs, enforced feeding and medical ignorance?

I want help. I cry as a soul oppressed in anguish for help to save the poor victims who are struggling for life and health and strength, while food and poison are forced down their throats, thus feeding and prolonging, day after day—on and on to death itself—the very disease they are attempting to cure. I may be wrong. All the theories advanced here may be untrue, but even in the minds of the most skeptical there may be a slight suspicion that there is some truth in the statements made. Be that suspicion ever so slight, you, my reader, owe it to yourself, to all

those you hold most dear, to satisfy yourself by calm, unprejudiced investigations, whether or not there is the slightest foundation for these statements.

If these statements are true, you have been duped all your life by false theories, by drugs and drug vendors, and though such an admission is not satisfying to your self-conceit it is satisfying to your body—it will mean that ill-health is a "thing" of the past, and that from that time onward you will be your own master, in body as well as in mind.

The official autopsy of the President's body states that death was caused directly by the bullet. Funny that it should take eight days for death to be produced by this bullet, and that for six days he was recovering rapidly even in spite of the heart stimulation, until his blood was poisoned by enforced feeding.

Dr. Mynter says in the *World*, September 15, that "it was the gangrene which developed all along the track of the bullet that caused Mr. McKinley's death."

Is it not possible, my medical friends, that this gangrenous condition was produced by the poison created from the undigested food which caused such serious distress that a "bolus of calomel and oil" was given to remove it?

And still you wonder why the track of the bullet was in a gangrenous condition.

How easy it would be for one charged with a crime to free himself of all guilt if he only, or his professional brethren, were allowed to collect and present the evidence relating to his case.

My opinion may not be worth much, but I believe firmly that had President McKinley been compelled to fast as Nature clearly indicates in the healing of all acute inflammatory conditions, whether produced by a wound or an acute disease, that he would to-day still be the living acting Chief Executive of the United States.

HOW AM I TO PROVE MY HONESTY?

SOMETIME ago an editorial appeared in which I answered the query of a subscriber who was anxious to know if I was an honest reformer or was I "in it" merely for financial gain. My answer to this query was plain and emphatic. My purposes in life were clearly set forth. I maintained that my unalterable purpose was to spread throughout the civilized world the gospel of health and strength.

I know this country is full of "fakirs." They hold forth in newspaper offices, in counting rooms, everywhere in business and professional life.

Even in the minds of the most critical skeptic, I want to be separated in deed and thought from these selfish parasites.

I do not want to be misunderstood, and I will not be misunderstood.

If I cannot stand over and above such as they, it will not be for lack of my efforts to draw a dividing line.

There is only one inheritance in life worth anything, and that is health and the strong superb body that accompanies it.

Every wealthy man has been enriched by conditions created by his fellow men. This wealth should be looked upon merely as a trust. He is responsible to his fellow men for its proper use. They make the conditions which enabled him to earn

it, and he owes to them an accounting. If his desire is simply to accumulate that his children may live a life of luxury, they usually reward him by becoming selfish nonentities.

To every true, honest man, with a steadfast purpose in life, wealth can only serve the object of advancing this purpose.

These are sentiments that are engraved upon my mind and soul with indelible permanency.

I want to ask my friends, my critics, even my enemies—if I have any—"How can I prove beyond all possible doubt my honesty of purpose?"

I am willing to do almost anything to effect this that will not handicap my usefulness.

Now my two magazines, with the English edition, have a paid circulation of about one-quarter of a million. Any publisher knows the enormous value of such a circulation. It is averaging now a yearly profit equal to the salary of the holder of the highest office in the United States, and is constantly increasing at a rapid rate. This profit is about twenty times in excess of my own personal needs, though at present it is all being used to supply additional capital to a business growing at an enormous rate.

Suggest my best course to prove my absolute, unswerving honesty of purpose.

Shall I offer to deed my business to the Government, they allowing me to draw a stipulated salary and the privilege of using the accrued profits to build it to larger proportions during my life, or what shall I do?

I await advice on this important problem.

Bernarr Macfadden

COMMENTS OF PHYSICIANS.

UPON learning the state of the President's condition early Friday morning a letter was immediately prepared and sent to the senior surgeon in charge, Dr. McBurney. My letter related to the extreme urgency of consulting a well-known Buffalo physician competent to select precisely proper food, and with knowledge how to administer it. The letter was too late to be of service to the President.

"A long experience in active practice has taught me that at the beginning of all acute cases, medical or surgical, accompanied with shock or injury to vital organs, as in the case of the President, the safe method is to withhold every form of food, so long as there is fever or other complications. Water, and water alone, is food and drink at such times, and is the only safe thing that may be taken by the patient. Food in any form or of any material may not be digested. Undigested food is the

principal factor in producing septicæmia. The President was surely in a septic state from the second day, as shown by the low fever and high pulse rate. At such moments of danger even a little food, and especially if it is not digested in the mouth, may lead to fatality. Such is, unfortunately, the termination of the President's case."

ELMER LEE, M.D.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

"If our President had been at your Health Home he would have learned that he could get along nicely for weeks without food. In this great strain upon his vitality he would have refused food, no matter by whom ordered, and would have dismissed any one who knew no better than to order whiskey for an inflamed stomach, and the chances are he would have made a speedy recovery."

JULIAN P. THOMAS, M.D.

"The wisdom of the unsuccessful operation on the late President might be questioned, as it increased the wound inflicted, and, causing a further loss of blood, decreased his vital energy and chance of recovery. Notwithstanding his age, the deceased would probably have overcome this second onslaught, had he been left entirely without food and drugs till the wound healed.

"In typhoid fever, patients can live without food for weeks and months; and Dr. Tanner and others have demonstrated that we can exist without nourishment for a considerable time. This shows that the President, being rather corpulent, would have subsisted on his own adipose tissue for several weeks. But how was he fed? On beef juice, whiskey, strychnine and other drugs.

"From every text-book on physiology it can be learned that beef juice contains but 1 per cent. of nourishing life-sustaining albumen and 99 per cent. of excrementitious matter. As a noted physician puts it:—'If he could think of anything very nearly approximating beef juice, it would be *concentrated urine*.' The beef juice alone was sufficient to cause and explain the rapid decline.

"If you dip a piece of red flesh into alcohol, it turns gray and hard, the same as if it had been cooked; this is because both the alcohol and the cooking process coagulate the transparent albumen of the flesh. But the same as boiling kills the life of an egg, so coagulation of flesh by alcohol deprives it of its life. Hence, feeding the President with whiskey further accounts for his sudden demise.

"And now as to the saline injections, strychnine and digitalis. Do they nourish? Are they capable of forming normal tissue? By no means. Suppose you have an old horse that is pulling a load up a hill. Would it be wiser, when the horse shows symptoms of exhaustion, to drive him on until he breaks down, or to allow him to rest and thus gain the summit by easy stages? The administration of those poisons corresponds to the whipping up of the horse; it stimulated the heart till it could go no further.

"In my opinion, Mr. McKinley died a victim of the routine physicians' delusion as to the excellent qualities of the poisons mentioned. If they had understood their business, the President would be alive to-day and Czolgosz would not be a murderer."

DR. AUG. F. REINHOLD.

WALKING.

By Stewart N. Dunning.



One a stranger to the pulsating, throbbing joy of walking, half the pleasures of existence lie untasted. A real walker, one who knows how to walk and enjoy it, will recognize the truth of this; just as one who has never known those joys will utterly fail to believe that this can be true.



STANDING IMPROPERLY.

Most men walk with bent head, contracted chest and a shuffling apology for a gait. If they would only hold up their heads, expand their chests, swing their arms and lift their feet in a long easy stride, walking would lose its distastefulness and become one of the greatest pleasures known, just as it is one of the most healthful exercises known. It is too bad that our women dress so that very few can know what this pleasure really is. They may get just a taste of it, if they are strong enough to overcome the strain of corset and skirt, but they can never know the real deep exhilarating joy of a long tramp—when every muscle thrills and exults in the creature joy of living.

One brought up to the street-car habit, who never walks where he can ride, will

not find it easy to get to be a real walker and have all these pleasures within reach. He must use a little determination if he would carry himself past the period where walking tires but does not exhilarate. No beginner can reel off fifteen to twenty-five miles and feel better and fresher than when he started. Yet one with but little time to devote to it can get himself into a condition where this is not only possible but thoroughly enjoyable. Not only will the walking itself become a pleasure but beautiful views of woods, flowers and sunsets will add a zest to life such as only comes to those who get out-doors and down close to mother nature.

Many times have I heard a man exclaim that a walk of ten miles would kill him. So long as he thinks this he will probably never walk that far. But I do not hesitate to say that a ten-mile walk will never hurt any one who has already walked a distance of two miles at one time and who has ordinary health. And one who can walk ten or fifteen miles continuously can take a thirty-mile walk (one day's journey, at an easy gait) and get nothing worse than a few stiff joints and tired limbs. What fields are there not open to one who can do this? Just let the inter-



A SHUFFLING GAIT.

ested reader (if one there be) read Lummis' "Tramp Across the Continent"—an



CORRECT GAIT.

account of the author's walk of thirty-five hundred miles from Ohio to California. It is a most interesting book, so full of incident and adventure that one wishes himself with the author sharing his good times.

New England is an ideal tramping ground, not only for tramps by way of her railroads, but for trampers by way of her hills and mountains.

The Berkshire Hills from Connecticut to Vermont are full of beautiful places, with farmhouses here and there, very convenient at meal time and at night. The beauty of the Green Mountains in Massachusetts and Vermont simply surpasses all description. The most beautiful view which it has been the fortune of the writer to see lies in these mountains surrounding the Bennington Valley.

If any one has an interest in this subject let him get a United States Geological Survey plan of his district (address Director U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.; price of surveys, five cents each) which will show him the roads, hills, valleys, villages, country houses and streams for twenty miles about. With a supply of these maps he can find his way a hundred miles without asking a question and be able to tell just where he is by reference to his maps at any time during his journey.

First, only carry what you actually need. It has taken the writer some years

to determine what this consists of. At present he uses as a pack-bag a cylinder-shaped flexible canvas affair which can be swung over the shoulders on a tourist's strap and let rest just above the hips in back. Hung thus it appears to carry a little more easily than when strapped to the shoulders, although C. F. Lummis, above cited, considers the latter the better way. The following list includes about what is necessary, though some of the things can be dispensed with if the trumper is not very fastidious: One change of underwear, etc., (on a long tramp do your own washing); hair and tooth brushes; small bottle witch-hazel (the bottle must be strong); light-weight night-gown; road maps (as used they can be mailed home); small supply of cord, matches and handkerchiefs (these and the following can be carried in pockets); one telescopic drinking cup; two pocket knives; note book and pencils; postage stamps, envelopes and postal cards; money (in \$2½ gold pieces this can be sewed in a light cotton belt and worn next the skin, obviating danger of loss).

READY TO START.

With his cap in his coat pocket, his coat swung to his bag (so that pockets can be reached) and with sleeves rolled up above his elbows, the trumper is ready to start. Never wear long trousers as they interfere at the knees. On a short walk wear stiff shoes, unless there is an opportunity to toughen the ankles by wearing light-weight low shoes

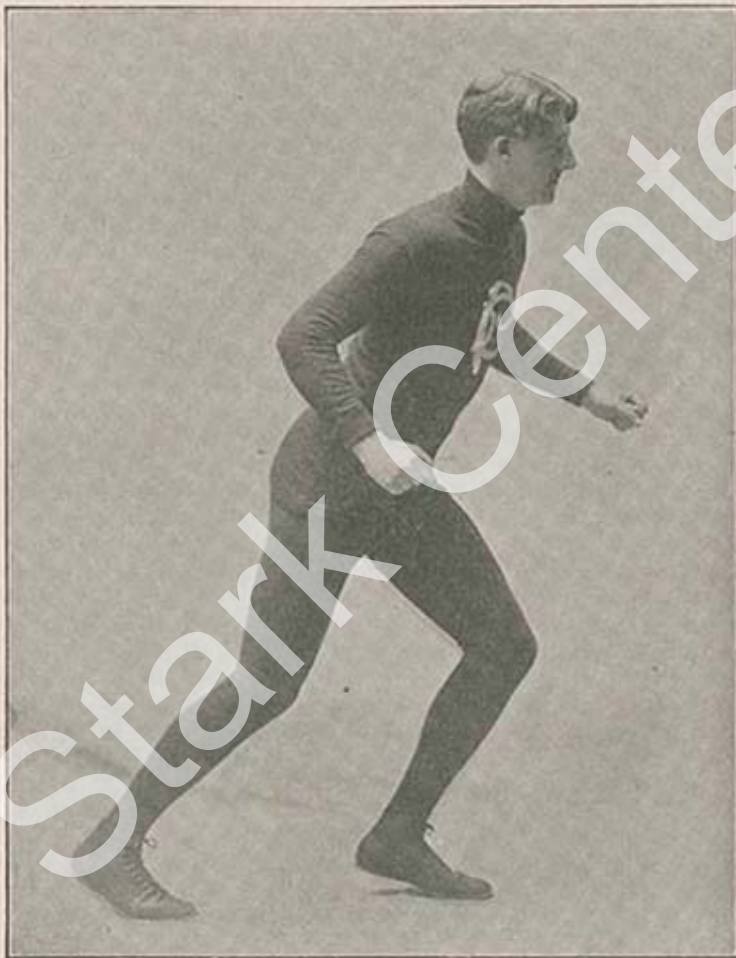


STARTING.

before starting, but on a long walk it will pay to wear the latter even at the expense of a few days' sore feet and ankles. The best walking shoe ever invented, next to the bare foot, is the Indian moccasin. It leaves the wearer light-footed and brings into play the muscles of the entire foot, strengthening and limbering up the parts which usually get but little exercise. An ordinary gymnasium slipper is a good

bread is all you need. At night a hearty supper can be eaten. All food should be thoroughly masticated. There is more energy in a quart of milk than in anything else that the writer knows of, and he has done his best walking on that diet.

Start early in the morning, though don't rob yourself of needed sleep. Always rest a few minutes after eating. Always go to bed early. If possible, take a bath, or



substitute for the moccasin, if that cannot be readily obtained.

Too much food, or lack of rest after a hearty meal, while tramping, will bring on indigestion. Don't make the mistake of eating like a hog just because you are exercising like a horse. The best breakfast is a light breakfast with as much of cereal and milk as possible. If you want to do your best a dinner of milk and

at least a hand bath, every morning. At night bathe the joints and sore muscles (there will be some at first) with witchhazel.

Nothing is quite equal to the pleasure of a nice long tramp over the hills and through the woods and fields. No cars, no smoke, no dirt, no noise, the exhilarating thrill of exercise, an everchanging scene, plenty of sleep, plenty of food, a world full of fresh air and sunshine.

DRUG CURSE.

By J. R. Stevenson.



HE disastrous and damning consequences of this curse to America is hardly known or appreciated by the public. The citizens of our country have been accustomed to seeing the ever-present saloon and drug store till they look upon them almost as necessary parts of our civilization. They have had so many agents at work in their favor, and ignorance of the things that pertain to and promulgate physical health is so general and dense, that to the thinking man or woman it is little wonder that these dens are so numerous, or that their victims are such a multitude.

Indeed, this matter of habit, of popular belief in their mission, is so deep rooted that no effort directed at the evils themselves will ever bring results that will benefit the nation at large. Hatchet brigades will not remove landmarks as long as opinion is not turned against them. Education—and education of the great careless mass of humanity, that lives, not as it should, but as it may, seeking not to escape from the labyrinth of error in which it wanders—must be stimulated along lines of physical well being, of perfect health and the physical capacity for pleasure and the joy of living.

The most noteworthy thing about America that impresses any one who travels far over its fertile territory is the enormous number of physical wrecks encountered—thin, emaciated, pale-faced men and women, who face you at every turn; who come into your offices, or sit beside you in the cars, and appear to be dragging out an aimless and painful existence. Statisticians would have us believe that there is an increase of physical power among our citizens, but I hardly think the facts will bear them out. Examination of certain favored classes—college men and women—and gymnasium records would show such an average increase, but while there has been an increase among these classes, the general population has increased many fold, and drug venders and their victims have increased propor-

tionately. The drug store and the saloon keep close pace with pioneers in the so-called march of progress.

Science has endeavored to show that certain drugs are poisonous, that they produce evil effects upon organs and tissues when mixed with the elements of any living organism; yet, under one disguise or another, nearly all these potent factors of physical degeneration are sold publicly and under protection of our liberal government.

We will take opium, for instance. Facts and records all show that utter physical degeneration is the result of its use. Yet, our druggymakers and venders hold it forth to an ignorant and credulous populace, in many disguised forms, as a panacea for all ills. As patent soothing syrups, colic conquerors, and pain killers, it is retained in small bottles to anxious mothers, for doctoring their children. Even the family physician, when called in to prescribe for a tiny stomach that has been overloaded, writes hieroglyphics, which, when presented to the ubiquitous druggist, call for a preparation in which this damnable pain killer, nerve wrecker, tissue destroyer, is the prominent ingredient; and the little stomach takes in the poison, to deaden nerves and disturb organic functions, and shock all the forces of life.

It stands ready to the hand of the physician when treating his adult patients, and, in dozens of compounds, is a stock prescription to allay pain, which is really only nature's note of warning to her rebellious child.

All its ill effects no man can trace; how many infants are hidden away underground, year after year, the victims of their own loving mother's misguided solicitude, and this deadly agent of the doctor and drug vender, no man can ever number; how many of the functional derangements that make adult life miserable, which are directly due to this agent and no other, what man can tell? We do know, however, that year after year, hundreds, nay thousands, become habitual takers of the drugs—fiends, without

any spark of manhood or womanhood left; merely the shells of humanity, a disgrace to themselves, and a burden on the community.

Turn, if you please, to Cocaine, a newer drug, but one that has already numbered its thousands of victims. It is a nerve paralyzing poison, and as such the medical profession have introduced its use as a pain-killer. It kills bodies as well, but their victims are safe. Read any publication of the country, which is run on lines of "for revenue only" and you will find advertisements of remedies for catarrh, for bronchitis, for consumption, which are guaranteed to give relief; and if you will take the trouble to analyze the remedy in question it will be found to contain a large percentage of this deadly drug. In fact, its efficacy, its power to allay pain, depends upon this violent agent.

Surely the public—the people who buy these remedies—do not know the danger they are running; do not know how their confidence is being abused. If they did, would they not rise up, more wrathful than the enraged Samson of old, and slay the patent medicine mixers, the conscienceless drug venders; the debased and heartless physician who places in their mouths, nay even injects into their blood, the seeds of death? Would they not tear down the homes of those blind public leaders, the degenerate and debauched press, which, taking advantage of the faith of its readers, leads them into the very jaws of destruction? And their assinine law makers, the men with pigmy brains, who seek the franchises of their fellow men, and then sell the franchise of destroying their constituents body and soul to some black-hearted fiend, who sees a possibility of accumulating a fortune by the process; would they not put them to the torture?

Statistics show that thousands of the noblest and best of our young men go

down to darkness, despair and ultimate destruction annually through the curse of rum; and many cry out urgently against the curse of the saloon. The rum curse is really of the Drug-curse brood. It is one of the abused man-made remedies that conquers pain by shocking into lethargy the nerves of the victim. The taste for rum, the desire for the false feeling of exhilaration it produces, in many instances is fostered by some alcoholic prescription of a false healer.

In addition to these there are scores of other medical drugs, that are poisons of greater or less effect, and which are actively performing their share of the devil's work of making mankind weaker, and more the subject of pain.

Quinine, the panacea for fevers and colds, a drug that reduces fever by attacking the heart action; phenacetine, which acts directly on the heart muscles, and deadens nervous sensibility; strychnine, one of the deadliest poisons, a paralyzer of nervous centres; mercury, an active corrosive poison, are all employed unscrupulously by the medical fraternity, and are vended shamelessly by the drug dealers.

It is high time for men and women to demand enlightenment; to insist upon knowing the quality of the medicines they have been accustomed to take without question. Verily it is the essence of folly to take into one's system ingredients that would sicken a dog. People who cater for the amusement of the populace, as theatrical managers, have a habit of trying their productions "on the dog" before offering them to the public. It would be a good idea to force out of practice every doctor and every drug dealer who dared to write a prescription or sell a drug until the same had faithfully been tried on a dog, or some other inferior animal. Man is too important to be made the continued subject of blind and cruel experimentation.



ATHLETIC COMPETITION.

By F. L. Oswald, M. D.



AN American humorist ascribes the northward exodus of civilized nations to "the convenience of being able to blame gout on the climate," but the sophistry of our conventional weather-theories is fully equalled by the current excuses for the progress of physical degeneration.

Modern effeminacy has been attributed to the invention of labor-saving machinery, to the substitution of fire-arms for bows and lances, nay, to the diffusion of knowledge (as if the Greeks had not for centuries been the best informed, as well as the most athletic nation of the world)—anything to conceal the fact that nature-hating fanatics have waged a thousand years' war against the cause of physical culture.

From the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century nine out of ten educational establishments were managed by bigots who held that "physical exercise profiteth but little." The Olympic games were suppressed. Convents and cloister-schools took the place of gymnasiums. Athletic rivalry was discouraged. Military drill, it is true, could not be abolished altogether, but the tourneys of chivalry remained class-privileges, and archery contests were tolerated only as a lesser evil, a concession to the natural depravity of the human race. Moral exemplars were expected to abstain from worldly vanities of that sort, and there is not the slightest doubt that in more than one country of superstition-ridden Europe physical decrepitude had actually come to be considered a merit. The sculptors and painters of the Middle Ages vied in the representation of cadaverous saints, hollow-eyed devotees and ghastly self-torturers. Ulric Hutten, who exposed monastic insanities, as Kennan exposed the horrors of the Siberian prisons, mentions a sermon "inveighing against the worship of physical strength and the pagan culture of the manly powers, so inimical to true contriteness of spirit and meek submission to the yoke of the gospel."

But time has modified such declensions?

Y—Yes. Their power for mischief. Europe and North America still swarm with anti-naturalists who firmly believe in the antagonism of body and soul, and yearn for the return of the good old times when the votaries of field-sports could be routed by the bullies of Sir Hudibras. They bewail their inability to afflict the entire continent with the deadly ennui of a Blue-law Sabbath. Their ideal of a millennium is the universal enforcement of Trappist convent rules. In the meantime they whine, rant and intrigue to suppress athletic contests on the day when ninety-nine per cent of working men find their only chance for leisure, to prohibit all but the tamest pastimes, to persecute picnickers and bathing schoolboys.

They can no longer roast human bodies to promote the interests of human souls, but they succeed to the degree of depriving millions of the soul-and-body-redeeming influence of athletic competition.

The *pentathlon*, or five-fold programme of Olympia, included foot-races, pugilism and quoit-throwing, as well as wrestling matches, and its effect upon the civilization of the Mediterranean coastlands may be inferred from the fact that the encouragement of wrestling alone suffices to keep the boys and young men of the Swiss forest-cantons out of mischief. The district champions meet every Sunday afternoon during the eight warmest months of the year, but thousands of tyros train every leisure hour and keep the whole neighborhood in fun, watching their progress and betting on the results of the preliminary contests.

Detrimental to their spiritual welfare?

At least to the spirit-of-alcohol interest. The prevalence of intemperance and of athletic emulation stand in inverse ratio, and the youngsters of Interlaken need not narcotize their brains with nicotine fumes to survive the weekly leisure-day.

What can four-fifths of our little countrymen do with their free afternoons? With the all-day freedom of their vacations? Play lawn tennis? Privilege of the upper ten. Play baseball? Against

the law in the city limits; next suburban ground made untenable by dust and heat. Go in swimming? Arrest and fine. Try a foot race? City ordinance No 272, fine or jail. Wrestling match? Mrs. Hellcat sure to shriek for police protection; invasion of her premises; obstruction of a public sidewalk. Don petticoats and have a round dance? Surely one last chance for a bit of fun? By no means. A few weeks ago the city of Albany passed a law prohibiting children to dance around a street organ, because —

Obstructing traffic? Not even that plausible disguise of the real motive. No, "because *exercise*, so long continued, might prove injurious to the youngsters who often join in that sort of frolic." City children, most of whom need exercise as they need food, drink and air!

What then? Fly a kite? Against the law again, if the string should happen to get in contact with a telegraph wire. Besides, the kite might scare a horse and cause a runaway. Arrest and fine.

Thus baffled, hundreds of idlers hang around street-corners in the hope of seeing something turn up to break the unendurable tedium of a holiday.

But they wait in vain.

Let's smoke, then, and forget our misery.

Can't raise the price of a cigarette? Be cheated out of fun altogether? Perish the thought! Wait till dark.

Hence amateur housebreaker associations, juvenile pickpockets, united brotherhoods of window smashers, arson clubs, and armies of vagrants and perpetrators of mischief for its own sake.

"Don't cry, Charley," said the sister of a youngster who had dropped his "returning ball" into a sewer trap; "there's lots of other fun; we—we may see the funeral this afternoon." And in the course of years, Charley naturally feels tempted to remedy the dearth of funerals. Under the trestles of the Hudson River Bridge, near Troy, N. Y., they caught a young hoodlum who had contracted a habit of firing Flobert rifle balls into crowded railway trains, and rely on the clatter of the wheels to mask the tell-tale report.

The torture of enforced inactivity also leads thousands to hate every representative of law and order, and associate recreation with the idea of trespass.

"Entsager sollst du, sollst entbehren, Krächtst jeder Tag des langen Jahr's mir zu."

"Renounce! Renounce! croaks every day of the long, dull year."

And with all our temperance associations and the undeniable abatement of drunkenness among the upper classes, the stimulant plague continues to increase. Deprived of better pastimes, millions seek refuge in the dreamland of intoxication, millions also in the indirect suicide of life-shortening vices.

Yet all that mischief could be obviated if one-tenth of the sums donated to institutions for the preservation of dogmas were devoted to the promotion of athletic competition. Every ward of every civilized city should have a free gymnasium, warmed in northern winters and artificially cooled in the dog days of the lower latitudes. There should be free foot race tracks and wrestling rings, archery halls and tennis courts. Moderate championship prizes would suffice to set whole townships a-training and turn thousands of boy toppers into young athletes. Unbribable citizens should consider it an honor to referee the weekly and monthly prize contests. In the arena of the yearly field-days a nominal gate fee would cover all ordinary expenses, and philanthropists might do worse than associate their names with the cause of physical regeneration.

The Quo Vadis? problem would be triumphantly solved; there would be no excuse, and, indeed, no paramount motive for street corner loafing; health-promoting exercises would outbid the attractiveness of sloth and vice.

"People lived worthier lives when life was more decidedly worth living," says a reviewer of Lecky's "History of Morals." The Olympic festivals enhanced the value of existence to a degree that may be approximately inferred from the enthusiasm that gathers about their wretched modern substitutes. On the night of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons slug an old soldier trudged six miles through wind and weather to a street corner where a Grand Rapids newspaper announced the result of each round on the screen of a calcium light. All the papers in North America would have reported the outcome the next morning; but the old man could not wait.

Villagers count the days and hours before the advent of a county horse-race, and Dr. Youmans told me an anecdote about an orphan boy in a Shaker settlement—the dullest lad of a dreary collection—who suddenly “picked up,” pushed his way close to the head of his class, and improved in every way, till accident revealed the cause of his regeneration. On his way to the next post office he had discovered an out-of-the-way barn where a secret cock-fighting association convened their mains, and where, upon a promise or silence, the managers had guaranteed him free admission on certain nights of each month.

This demonstration of a practicable escapade through the window of a third-story bedroom involved the risk of striking counter-arguments; but life had become worth living, and the young dullard had turned wideawake in a remarkably comprehensive sense of the word.

In comparing the local option returns of several counties, a Georgia reformer was surprised to find that “opossums and prohibition seemed to go hand in hand,” in other words, that rustics, blest with an abundance of field-sports, had no objection to vote against rum, while natives of gameless districts insisted on chemical stimulants; but a still more astonished

moralist of Cameron County, Texas, ascertained that the signatures to a petition for the abolishment of Mexican bullfights included the names of many saloon keepers. “Well, you see that show across the river is all the fuu agoing,” one of the memorialists condescended to explain, “and if we could stop that it would make them so mad they would drink more.”

A well-managed foot-race track would enable multitudes of sinners to run away from their besetting vices, as well as from their physical ailments; wrestling rings would save their adepts from many a moral fall. And where the love of health should fail to outweigh the indolence of effeminacy, the spice of emulation would turn the scales. The sentimentalist Ruskin tried in vain to recall the lost spring time of mankind by a revival of art-worship, and seems to have renounced his quest of redemption; but forgot that the age of Praxiteles was also an age of physical culture, stimulated by rivalry and liberal encouragement.

The opponents of competitive athletics may have been actuated by prejudice rather than by positive malice; but it is time to recognize the significance of a mistake that has robbed life of its highest joy, and the cause of reform of its most potent remedy.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STRENGTH.

"NERVOUS PROSTRATION."



ARE you, my dear reader, one of the many hundred thousands of my countrymen who are suffering with that mysterious and terrible affliction known and generally classified by "physicians" as Nervous Prostration? Is life a burden to you? Are you dragging one leg after the other, a poor exhausted and discouraged soul, praying for the end, that your sufferings might be concluded? Have you, like the woman in the Bible narrative, "suffered many things of many physicians"? If you belong to the ranks of the "nerve wounded" do not give up. Cheer up and rest assured that if you will follow the advice given here the dark clouds of despair will pass from your mind, and that your body will feel once again the glow and freshness of youth.

This introduction sounds like a patent medicine advertisement, does it not? But my treatment does not call for medicine, except that which nature gives us in her sunshine and fresh air. This information, my sadly afflicted brother and friend, is given to you without money and without price. It cost me more than twenty-five thousand dollars that I spent among high-priced physicians, and caused me to waste years of valuable time in the vain search for health, before I, by the merest combination of circumstances, stumbled upon the right path, and was led to peace, happiness, health and strength—snatched from a living death—saved from long years of weakness and decrepitude. What cost me so many strange experiences and dollars to learn, you, my friend, may have the benefit of for the few pennies you have paid for this publication.

I descend from a long-lived stock on both sides, and in my early youth was noted for my strength and agility. I was born in the year 1850. At the age of twenty I became addicted to the habit of smoking cigars, drinking of cocktails and keeping late hours. After a few years, I abandoned the alcohol habit but continued

the slow poisoning of my system with nicotine.

In the meanwhile I was learning French, German, Russian, Spanish, and the absurd monkey antics called parlor manners, and was fast acquiring that superficial polish which is supposed to distinguish a man of good breeding from the common herd. Looking back upon those stages of my life now, I am free to state that I did not during that time evince the intelligence of a gorilla, for I am quite sure that he would not have poisoned and shattered his system as I did.

If there is anyone to be ashamed of the Darwinian theory, why should it not be the monkey? Looking around upon the hundreds of thousands of battered hulks called men, would not the monkey be justified in throwing up his hands in holy horror, and exclaiming, "That such degenerate children should have sprung from my loins! Let the earth hide me and my shame forever."

Well, the year of our Lord, 1894, found me in New York City. I had laid aside some money. I could bow and scrape to the ladies, carry on a conversation in any of the polite languages of Europe, and was familiar with the social laws governing the so-called better classes of society. Of the inexorable laws of nature governing that complicated and marvelous piece of machinery, my body, I knew comparatively nothing. From the age of forty to forty-four I had felt an increasing lethargy, and I found that each year it became harder and more painful to concentrate my mind upon any subject.

The so-called best physicians in New York City had treated me in their turn and had depleted my pocket book to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars or more.

After four years of this absurd nonsense I began to smell a rat, and with the little intelligence that I had remaining I went to one of these great specialists who had been "treating" me, and said:

"Look here, doctor, I am in despair;

you have been prescribing for me for a long time and I am gradually growing worse. Now, the fact of the matter is, I have had a reversal in business affairs. I am ruined; I can no longer pay you. Still I want your assistance and you must wait upon me for your pay."

The urbane demeanor of the learned gentleman immediately changed to one of brusqueness, and jumping to his feet and rubbing his hands he exclaimed:

"I have been considering your case carefully and your calling here is most opportune. What you need is a change of scene and climate. If you can by hook or crook raise the money, go to Europe or South Africa and you may be benefited."

I staggered down the steps of that medico's house in a daze. After having bled me, as he thought, to the last dollar, he had resorted to the old game of trying to "dump" me on some foreign shore among strangers.

"There remains but one thing for me to do," I cogitated. "I will take a protracted sea voyage. If that does not benefit me I will put an end to this death in life."

The 16th of May, 1894, found me steaming out of New York Bay on the City of Paris bound for England. The ship's decks were crowded with wrecks, physical and mental. One millionaire I met the first day out told me he had not taken anything but skim milk for a year. He still retained strength enough, however, to puff away at a big black cigar, containing enough nicotine to poison a hog or a rattlesnake. Another gentleman, a multimillionaire, who had inherited his money and never had done a day's work in his life, confessed to me that he was troubled with insomnia and often went several nights without a wink of sleep.

He had paid out tens of thousands for physicians, but they had failed to help him. I took such statements seriously those days and extended my fellow-sufferers my heartfelt sympathy. But now as I write these lines I can but smile to think that I should have ever accepted such ridiculous vaporings except with a laugh. When I arrived in London I was in an extreme state of exhaustion. The sea air had not given me the benefit I had hoped for, and like a drowning man catching at a straw, I concluded to con-

sult a world-renowned specialist whose services were constantly in demand.

I had some difficulty in securing an interview, this gentleman's time being so thoroughly taken up by wealthy invalids. When I was finally ushered into this celebrated "expert's" presence, I told him in a few words who I was, what I had passed through, and also added, by way of a "feeler," that I was financially distressed and could only pay him one fee and that a small one. I named the amount, which he accepted and pocketed.

Thumping me on the sides, chest and back, he then pressed his fingers into my throat for a second and withdrew them. "Do not remain in this climate any longer than absolutely necessary," he advised. "Go to Carlsbad, in Bohemia, if you can raise the money. Remain there three months and take the waters regularly."

A week later found me at a cheap hotel in Carlsbad. I was in search of the truth, and dared not stop at a first-class hotel for fear that the doctors of the place would consider me a fat pigeon ripe for plucking, and that they would begin, to use a slang phrase, "to take me down the line." I sent for a medical celebrity there who had "Hofartz" printed on his card, which being interpreted liberally means, "physician to the Emperor and his family."

"Doctor," said I, handing him a cigar which I noticed that he put in his pocket while I lit mine, "I am dying on my feet; one of my legs weighs a thousand pounds and the other is almost numb. What is the matter with me? What can be done? I am almost at the end of my rope. I have just money enough to pay you a small fee and to cover actual expenses while I take the waters here."

"Why, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "do not take the waters. They will be of no benefit to you. Leave here at once. Go to Switzerland and take the grand bracing air of the mountains."

"But, doctor," said I, "I have known plenty of instances where acquaintances of mine went to Switzerland suffering with nervous prostration and collapse and I don't recall a case that was benefited."

"Well, at any rate, leave here," he insisted, "you are only wasting your time remaining at this place."

Years have passed since that interview, and now that, as I trust, I am in my proper senses, I conclude that this learned Carlsbad "fake" and "Hofartz" wanted to get me out of the country as soon as possible in order that, as he thought, I might not become a charge upon him, or the community.

I can imagine the game I would have gotten from him if I had told him I was a man of means.

I left Carlsbad in despair and returned to London, where I purchased a fresh stock of strong cigars and a "round the world" ticket.

It was my intention to try the sea again in the hope that a protracted voyage might help me. The trip from London to Melbourne was one of misery to me, although I made it on the Himalaya, the crack ship of the Peninsula and Oriental steamship line.

To the right and left of me were dyspeptics, wealthy men who were almost insane because they could not sleep, and men of untold wealth who would have given a king's ransom to be able to sit down and enjoy a good dinner without the resulting agony that a diseased stomach can give. I was more dead than alive when I reached Melbourne, and at the solicitation of a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction I called in, much against my will, a local physician who was supposed to be the "real thing."

After a long and careful physical examination, this ridiculous pseudo-scientist advised me to eat only white meats, to abstain from exercise and to take a course of drugs which he prescribed.

I could see at a glance that he himself was in a dazed condition from either alcohol or some other poison, and I threw his prescription out of the window and disregarded his advice. Two months later I was in San Francisco, where after a few days' rest I took the steamer Colima, bound for the Isthmus of Panama. It was my intention to cross the isthmus, to take ship on the Atlantic side and return in that way to New York.

The Colima never reached port on that voyage. She was struck by a terrible cyclone off the coast of Mexico, smashed like a house of cards and sunk. Of the nearly three hundred souls aboard her I was one of the thirty who were saved.

Weak and shattered and broken as I was, I rendered some assistance while we were both in the water to a fellow passenger who was almost unconscious from a flying board which had struck him on the head.

This gentleman proved to be not only a physician but a scientifically educated man in the broadest sense of the term. All the passengers saved were returned to San Francisco on an up bound steamer that had picked us up. On the journey the doctor whom I had rescued said to me one night as we were sitting out on deck, "My friend, I owe my life to you, and in return I am willing to save yours. It is strictly against the ethics of my profession to reveal the secrets I am now about to impart to you. Life is a terrible battle and we physicians cannot afford to tell our patients the truth. If we did we should lose them, and who then is to support our families, pay our house rent and other expenses? Now, I can see at a glance that you are suffering with general atrophy and nicotine poison of the nerve centers. The cure for the former is hard labor in the open air; the cure for the latter is to throw your cigars away." "Why, doctor," I replied, "You don't mean to say that I can ever be a sound, strong man again after the long years of prostration, weakness and collapse I have endured."

My friend smiled and replied, "When you reach San Francisco go at once to a labor agency and engage immediately for work in a lumber camp. When you reach the camp ask the foreman to give you a chance; tell him that you are not accustomed to hard work, and that he need only pay you what your services are worth; at the end of six months call on me. If you are not cured I will deed you my house in San Francisco to compensate you for the trouble I put you to."

"But how about the medicine; am I to take none to help along the cure?" I asked.

"You will find all of that you need up there," he answered with a smile. "It will be God's medicine—hard labor to harden your muscles, tone up your stomach, and to give you the appetite of a grizzly bear. The pure air of the mountains and the sunshine will do the rest. A parting injunction I wish to

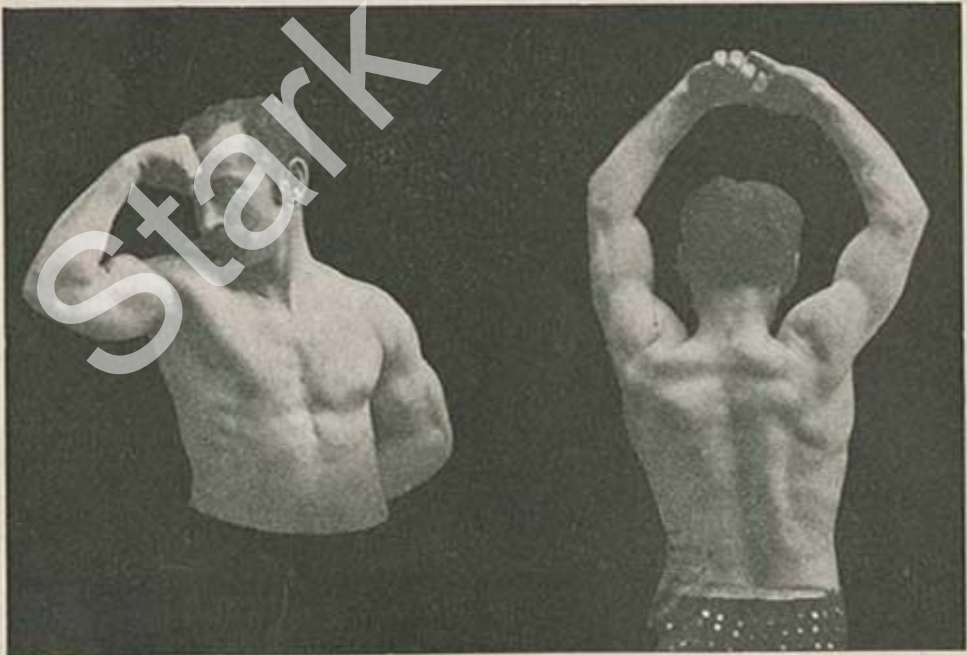
make. Should you ever refer to this matter publicly or privately don't mention my name; it would ruin me professionally."

I let no grass grow under my feet in the matter, and within a week I was in a lumber camp near San José, California, attacking a big red wood with my axe.

Oh, the misery of my first week at labor! Shall I ever forget it? The stiffness in my limbs and the shooting pains in my body. But I stuck it out. In another week—think of it—I was working three hours a day steadily. I increased an hour daily each week, and before three months had passed I could make the woods ring with the music of my axe, and could carry my end of a thousand-pound log. I remained six months, and stepped down once more into civilization a physical giant. I never tried to exact from my medical friend a transfer of the deed of his house; on the other hand, if I owned all the deeds of all the houses in the world I would transfer them willingly before I would return

to the condition I was in prior to the day that I "took to the woods."

As for the wealthy pampered wrecks I met on that "around the world" trip, a large number of them have long since sunk into oblivion. The majority of those yet living are still in the chronic condition that I left them in. They can't eat and they can't sleep, but they can give up their money by the thousands and take the nauseating drugs of high-priced quacks. My dear reader, show me a lumberman in the woods working with his axe who cannot eat, show me one who cannot "snore upon the flint" while restful sloth "finds the down pillow hard," and I will show you snowballs in July. But you poor sufferers from alcoholic excess, nicotine excess, or the thousand and one other excesses of modern life, shattered, atrophied, exhausted and broken, you reply that you cannot afford to take this cure—that you cannot spare the time. In answer I say to you, that you must be a wealthy man indeed if you can afford not to take it, or some other physical development treatment.



OSCAR MATTHES, ATHLETE, OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

Editorial Department

NEWSPAPERS AND TRUTH.

HOW one instinctively hates a hypocrite! A pretender who strikes when your back is turned—who smiles at you cordially, even winningly, to create confidence that can be used to his advantage, financially or otherwise.

There are some newspapers in this big city that wear cloaks of this nature. They pretend to be the friend of the people—the masses—though in reality they are the friend of no one but their own pockets, their own greedy, grasping natures.

Friend, indeed! Why, it is hollow mockery to use such a word in speaking of these scribblers whose opinions are for sale at so much per line.

They have but one object—money. To them there is but one God—the God of Mammon. Everything, honor, home, love, will not infrequently be sacrificed to satisfy this greed for gain.

Daily they add to degeneracy and promote crime by serving their readers with the most minute details of the latest murders. Their papers are vast theatres to which people may come, read, and imagine they see over again in all its most terrible details the latest and most brutal crimes.

Talk about the bull fights of Spain! Why, my friends, these beastly exhibitions are as kindergarten play compared to that which is exhibited daily in these newspapers.

These human ghouls gloat with devilish glee over every pang of anguish, every ruined home, every atrocious deed.

They feed on misfortune, they fatten on crime.

They would not dare to show a partially nude picture for fear it might arouse erotic emotions, but they will devote pages to the most minute descriptions of trials which parade all the lowest indecencies and vulgarities of which the human mind ever conceived.

Poor fools! Their day of reckoning is not far off.

Not long ago one of these so-called newspapers gave considerable space to a description of our Health Home. There was hardly a truthful statement in the entire article. It was a mess of lies from beginning to end.

The statement was made that our women patients were compelled to wear longer skirts. This was false. That complaints were made against us to the authorities by the neighbors. This was false. That we made changes in our apparel because of complaints. This was false. In fact, the reporter's imagination supplied about every statement the article contained.

This reporter saw patients there speedily recovering from all sorts of alleged incurable diseases. He heard of others who had gone away cured. He must have noted that the Home was crowded beyond its capacity, that we were compelled to turn away patients for the lack of accommodation. He was informed by the patients themselves that they had tried all the various means prescribed by med-

ical scientists without the slightest relief. The natural means of cure used at the Health Home were the last resort.

This reporter was informed that we used no medicines—that diet, fasting, hydropathy and exercise constituted the chief remedies; that our prices for treatment and board were lower than other institutions charged for board alone.

He could hardly have failed to see consumptives fast improving, some actually cured. He took a photograph of one man who could hardly walk three or four weeks previous, who was then able to play ball and other games. He saw locomotor ataxia patients speedily recovering lost strength. Victims of rheumatism, nervous diseases, dyspepsia, and other digestive troubles were all around him. Slowly each one of these poor sufferers was recovering.

They had been experimented upon, and victimized so much by medical science, that many had given up all hopes before coming to us.

This reporter saw all this. Why, in heaven's name, did he not say something about it? Why did he not tell the readers of his gaudily edited newspaper some of these simple methods of cure that they might try them at their homes and thus evade the patent medicine fakers who advertise in the columns of that self-same newspaper? All of our methods are freely open to all who are desirous of publishing them to the world. He said nothing about this.

Do you know why, my friends?

Was he afraid of advertising us? No! What he could say about us would not have the slightest influence one way or the other. We have ten readers where he has one, and our magazine is read and kept and re-read, while his newspaper is quickly consigned to the waste-paper basket where it rightfully belongs. Anyway, we already had more patients than we could accommodate and were trying to keep others away.

But I'll tell you the real reason. The paper he represented and all other papers of that character are dominated, owned, body and soul, by their advertisers. The editors would not dare to allow any matter to appear which would lessen their supply of dupes.

Think of the thousands of dollars they would lose in patent medicine advertisements if our plain methods were preached in their columns. They dare not advocate them. They are slaves! Slaves to dollars and cents! Slaves to fakers! medical and otherwise.

No great principle guides their efforts. No superior policies inspire their editorials. They go on in the same old narrow groove, feeding the minds of the prurient and the degenerate. But they have had their day. The religion of health for manhood and womanhood will soon supplant their God of Mammon, and then may speedy oblivion be their fate.



Grecian **BUST** Girdle "CORSET REST"

(Trade Mark)

The New Garment
for Every Woman.

**Comfort
and
Health.**

The Newest and
Best Article of
Women's Wear.

Endorsed by
thousands of de-
lighted wearers.
Truly "A stroke
of providence." Order a pair now.

Made in sizes 30 to 50 inches bust measure.

Style 64. White, drab or black satteen, - \$1.50
Style 72. White, Imported Batiste, - - -
Style 40. White Summer Netting, - - -
Style 58. White and Drab Jean, \$1.00.

Handsome free booklet, on request.

Classic Corset Co., 504 A, Madison Temple,
CHICAGO, ILL.



**GRECIAN
BUST GIRDLE**

Postpaid

WHEATLET pleases

Keeps
Healthy
Children
Healthy,
and Makes
Weak
Children
Strong.



An Ideal....

Breakfast Food
for every member of
every family, every day
of the year.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.

Tumble, "How To."



A book of 100 pages, 200 illustrations; tells
you how to do Hand Springs, Cartwheels, Flips,
Somersaults and every other kind of Tumb-
ling. Also Tricks, Games and Pyramids in
great variety. Everything is so clearly ex-
plained that you can easily learn without any
other teacher. Send money order for 50 cts. to

HORACE BUTTERWORTH,
Dept. Physical Culture,
The University of Chicago, Chicago.

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a
genteel and uncrowded profession, paying \$15 to \$25
weekly? Situations always obtainable. You can be fitted
at leisure hours to hold any position under our course
of instruction. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
416 and 420 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Richards Fit-the-Back Chairs

are the only chairs that fit all backs at all times. That support
the spine throughout its entire length. That completely over-
come muscular exertion in sitting. Only chairs that permit sitting
at different angles without disturbing the rest of the occupant—a
movable back automatically conforming to the various move-
ments of the body, giving rest to the joints and the muscles in the
lower back, and to the whole nervous system. Chairs for Home,
Office, Hotel, School, etc. Write for illustrated pamphlet, "Com-
fort in sitting," descriptions, prices, endorsements, etc.

RICHARDS CHAIR PANEL CO., 178-80 La Salle St., Chicago.

THE ART OF ATTAINMENT



Taught by mail. A scientific sys-
tem of practical self-culture which
unfolds latent gifts and develops
body and mind to the highest possi-
ble degree of excellence, insuring
great mental power and a magnetic
personality. *Valuable Book, 10 cts.*
Circulars free. **URIEL BUCHANAN,**
DEPT. R., BOX 210, CHICAGO, ILL.



WOOD HANDLES, 50%
CORK GRIPS, \$1.00 PAIR. 344 ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS
HENDRICKSON WRIST MACHINE CO. PLATT ST. N.Y.

A PERFECT FORM

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical
Culture." Hang it on the wall of your
bed-chamber. It shows you by carefully
prepared illustrations and instructions,
how to develop your body to the ideal of
perfection. Sent for 10 cts. in stamps or
silver. State sex.

Fifth Avenue School Physical Culture,
Dept. V., 114 Fifth Ave., New York.

Woman's Physical Development FOR OCTOBER

Contains: **THE STONERS**, by Elizabeth; **HOW TO
GAIN OR LOSE WEIGHT**, by Bernarr Macfadden;
FASHIONS IN THE HUMAN FORM; **SPORTS THAT MAKE
WOMEN BEAUTIFUL**. Illustrated.

FOR SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS. 5 CENTS.

APOLLO'S SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL INSTRUCTION



CHART to hang in your bedroom, containing
Six Courses in Physical Instruction (36 beauti-
ful illustrations), how to obtain strength, form,
and beauty, and to regain health and vigor.
We guarantee to build muscle. Send 15c. for
Chart (postage or silver).

APOLLO'S CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
Dept. Y, St. Albans, N. Y.

\$15—SPECIAL RATE—\$10.
FOR A THOROUGH

Scientific Physical Culture Course



WHICH includes expert instruction in **Boxing, Bag-Punching, Swimming, Deep Breathing** and **All-Around Gymnastics** by noted specialists in the various branches.

Fall Season Now Open at the Prof. Mac Levy City Gymnasium and Baths, (HOTEL ST. GEORGE.)

The exceptionally low rate offered brings within the reach of all who desire vigorous health the complete and perfected system of training which has been so successfully inaugurated by the Professor Mac Levy and carried on for several seasons with most satisfactory results.

For those suffering from dyspepsia or nervous affections a course of special training in this elaborately equipped institution will work wonderful cures when taken in conjunction with the baths and massage treatment, conducted by skilled masseurs.

Parties interested are invited to make application at once and pay a visit to the new institution before going elsewhere. Address

PROF. MAC LEVY, 63-65 Clark Street, - - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Gymnasium, Hand-Ball Court, Basket-Ball, Steam and Hot Rooms, Large Artesian Swimming Plunge, etc. (Send stamps.)



A Device to Prevent Mouth-Breathing During Sleep.

Suggested by DR. FRENCH, of Brooklyn.

It is a well-known fact that mouth-breathing during sleep is provocative of Catarrh, Tonsillitis, Bronchitis and kindred diseases of the throat and nose. The above device will keep the lower jaw from dropping during sleep, and prevents snoring and the throat from getting dry, thus enabling you to enjoy to the utmost "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." This device is light, cool, clean and comfortable; is made in two sizes, adults' and children's. Price, \$1.00 for either size. Sent anywhere on receipt of price.

C. E. RIKER, 1208 Broadway, N. Y. City



Oh! For Strength.

Write for PROF. LEONUM's book "Muscular Development Simplified." Study for yourself the art of physical development—how to make yourself a physically perfect man or woman. Sent postpaid everywhere for 10 cents.

N. Y. School of Physical Instruction
109 E. 11th St.
Mount Morris Bank Building,
New York City.

BETTER OMIT THE EXTERNAL THAN THE INTERNAL BATHS.

The **Halston Health Club**, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having a **MEMBERSHIP OF SEVEN MILLION MEMBERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD**, authorizes us to say: "Our 'Casade' is not endorsed by the Halston Health Club of America, as that Club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but it has been officially adopted by the Club for use in the inward bath treatment, which is one of the many systems of natural cure."

The **Why! The Why! The Why!** Something you should know about. **SENT FREE.** Tyrells Hygienic Institute
Clerk 5B, 1562 Broadway, New York



245,000 NOW IN USE

Big Service. Little Cost.
Its convenient Hot Water Supply, so necessary to any bath; and that it may be used in a bath or any other room to equal advantage, in connection with water service, or independently, is what is making the "Massey" famous.
Complete, with or without heater. Monthly payments if wanted. Twenty styles. Send for catalogue of Tubs, Heaters, Closets, etc.
Massey Folding Bath Tub Co.
305 W. Dearborn St., Chicago

STRONG LUNGS

READILY ACQUIRED, by exercising with the **SIMPLEX SPIROMETER**
A PERFECT LUNG and CHEST EXERCISER.
Simple - Strong - Durable. Registers Lung Capacity in Cubic Inches. Increases Staying Power for the Cyclist Oarsman or Athlete. A 16p. pamphlet, entitled "Scientific Breathing" and full particulars of the Spirometer sent free.
E. P. RYDER, 36 CLEMONT AVE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



The perfect siphon, sold heretofore to physicians only. Hot douches taken with entire comfort in bed, in proper reclining position with no leaking whatever. Automatic compressed air force for injection, and vacuum power return suction, in separate cylinders. Inexpensive pumps easily controlled; no uncertain rubber bulb action. Sold on trial, express prepaid, and guaranteed. Simple, convenient and thoroughly effective. Every woman knowing its merits wants one. Write today for free booklet and valuable information. **SIPHON MFG. CO., 811 Michigan St., Racine, Wis., or 2020 F. Amer. Tract Bldg., New York City.**

BE A VEGETARIAN And be stronger, healthier, happier, clearer-headed—and save money. Learn about Vegetarianism through the Vegetarian Magazine. Send \$1.00 for year's subscription, or 10 cents for one month.
THE VEGETARIAN, 78 Madison Street, Chicago.

MAGIC!
For you will teach you vary pretty **COIN TRICK** and newest **COIN TRICK** in existence now. Or one for less including best booklet on parlor and pocket tricks.
The CHICAGO SCHOOL OF MAGIC, 227 Webster Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Tub fits bath or 22 paths water make submergent bath. 11 of bath prepared in 5 minutes. Durable, compact, cheap, easily folded. Agents wanted. Write for free booklet and special offer. Many thousand in use. Guaranteed to please. Six gallons a full bath.

THE ACME MFG. CO., Miamisburg, Ohio.

MORE NERVE FORCE

Physical and mental. Prolong your youth - brain and bodily elasticity. Eradicate hereditary traits. Live in harmony with the laws of life now and here. Understand all phenomena Meet and master everyday problems. Be successful in whatever you do. I show you how—\$1.00. Helen Williams, Sea Breeze, Fla., says: "He who hesitates to spend a dollar for this is defrauding himself of more than he is aware of." Write for free circulars about it.

F. N. DOUD, M.D., 57 State Street, CHICAGO.

For Health and Recreation

None excel the mountains of Virginia. Easily and quickly reached by the Norfolk & Western Ry. Altitude of Resorts, 1,000 to 4,500 feet. Equable climate, most beautiful and enchanting scenery. Address
Norfolk & Western Ry.,
398 Broadway, - - - New York.

Illustrated Hints for Health and Strength

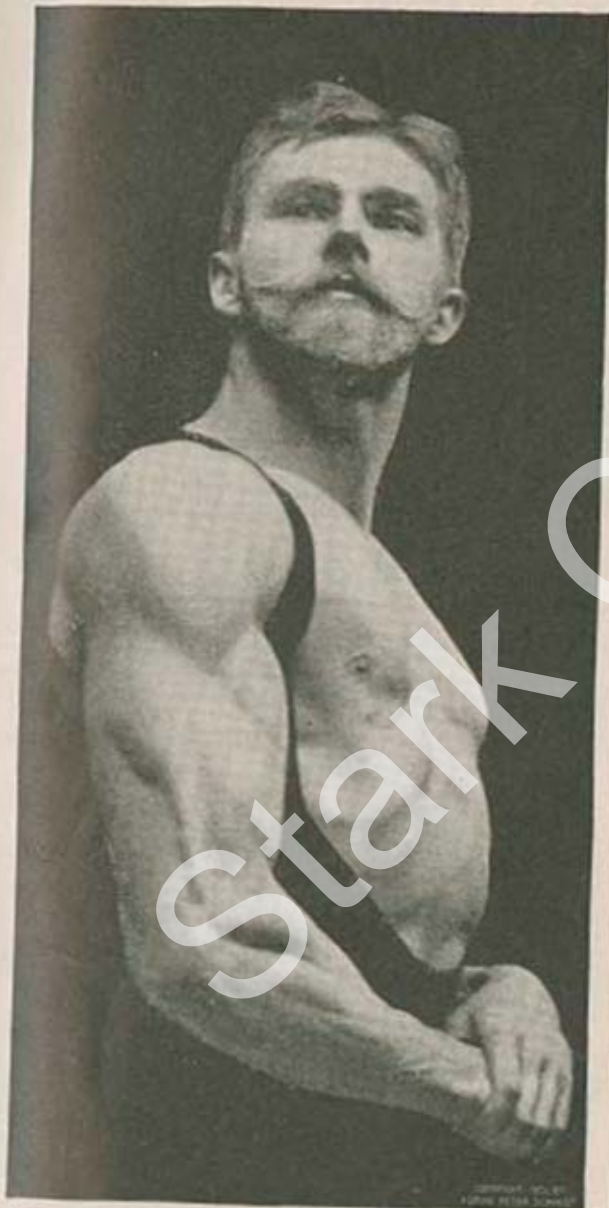
FOR BUSY PEOPLE

By ADRIAN PETER SCHMIDT

Professor of Higher Physical Culture

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

A book of great value embodying an intelligible and concise presentation of a rational physiological system, taught by the author in his institute with great success.



THE suggestions contained in this book have a particularly practical value, as they are based on observations the writer made while investigating and experimenting on numerous systems of physical culture. Once an invalid, he is now looked upon as a man of remarkable strength. (See *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, number II, page 5.)

Anticipating the difficulty of following successfully instructions given in book form, the author, who, in his college days, had an art education, has spent considerable time and care upon the engravings illustrating his instructions.

The exercises and suggestions contained herein can be practiced by all, even by people past middle age, their effects having been carefully tested from a strictly physiological point of view. *Apparatus not required.*

\$60 WORTH OF LESSONS FOR \$1.50

Through this medium a course of physical culture can be obtained for \$1.50, which costs from \$25.00 to \$50.00 at the Institute.

CONTENTS OF THE BOOK

How to stimulate energy. An ingenious plan to stimulate energy on mornings when not inclined to exert strength.

A powerful grip. How to make out of a newspaper a grip machine which is superior in many ways to any manufactured device.

Supple, strong shoulders. Very effective exercises for muscles of the neck, muscles that cover most of the upper part of the back, and shoulder muscles, the absence of which the tailor supplies by padding your coat.

Strong, shapely ankles. To secure a thorough development of the calf muscles, to stimulate a normal circulation in the lower extremities. A remedy for cold feet, stiff ankles and toe joints, headaches, catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nostrils, etc.

Strong lungs and chest acquired by three minutes' simple exercise. Something of especial value to fat people.

Abdominal muscles, their gradual development to a degree of perfection. The secret of the author's strength. Remedy for the elimination of gases produced by fermentation of food, the outcome of imperfect digestion. Various causes produce these conditions. A safeguard against ruptures.

Back muscles and spine. Exercises for the small of back. The strengthening of a weak back. The suppling and correcting of the spine. Round shoulders.

Massage exercises for exhilaration. A great assistance for the radical cure of constipation, produced by sedentary habits, etc.

The bath. Its tonic effect. How to obtain it fully. Depressive reaction follows errors made in bathing. Strengthening the roots of the hair. Something of great importance for those who are not in vigorous health.

Handsomely bound in full cloth, with a fine duogravure, sent prepaid by mail on receipt of \$1.50. Money order preferred. Address

Physical Culture Institute, Adrian Peter Schmidt

Publishing Dep't, 167 W. 57th St., New York, opp. Carnegie Hall.



STRONG EYES

By BERNARR MACFADDEN. A new book by the editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE, containing a system of treatment whereby weak eyes may be made strong and spectacles discarded. This book is

handsomely bound in cloth and profusely illustrated. It will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00, or given with one year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE or WOMAN'S PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT for \$1.25.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—THE EYES—The Most Important of Human Organs of Sense—The Mechanism and Mystery of Sight—The Language of the Eye and Its Expression of Individual Character.

CHAPTER II.—BEAUTIFUL EYES—The Seat of Intellectual and Emotive Charm—Eloquence of Definition—The Physical Causes of Beautiful Eyes—Concordant Development of Eyes with Character.

CHAPTER III.—STRONG EYES—Their Necessity to a Struggling Life—The Limitations of the Blind and the Weak-Sighted—Strong Eyes the Main Factor in Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism.

CHAPTER IV.—DULL EYES—Always the Result of General Physical Debility—Absurdity of Looking for a Local Cause or of Seeking for Local Remedies—The Eyes a Thermometer of Health—How Dull Eyes may be Brightened.

CHAPTER V.—WEAK EYES—Result of Over-Taking—Bad Light and Wrong Positions in Reading—How These are to be Corrected—Evils of Present Education of School-Children—How Weak Eyes may be Strengthened.

CHAPTER VI.—CRIPPLED EYES—The Eyes that are Born So—The Eyes that are Made So—Spectacles are Crutches—How These may be Laid Aside.

CHAPTER VII.—DISEASED EYES—Conjunctivitis and Its Treatment—Inflammation and Its Treatment—Catarrh of the Eye and Its Treatment—Granulation and Its Treatment—Eye-Pimples and Itches, Tumors of Eyelids and Their Treatment—Spasms and Twitchings of the Eyelids and Their Treatment—Specks before the Eyes and Their Treatment—Cross Eyes and Their Treatment—Diseases of the Cornea and Their Treatment—Diseases of the Iris and Their Treatment—Diseases of the Pupil and Their Treatment—Cataract and Its Treatment—Diseases of the Chorus and Their Treatment—Diseases of the Retina and Their Treatment—Diseases of the Optic Nerve and Their Treatment.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONSTITUTIONAL TREATMENT for Strengthening the Eyes—Out of DOOR EXERCISE—Diet.

CHAPTER IX.—MASSAGE OF THE EYE—How the Eye may be Massaged with the Fingers.

CHAPTER X.—EYE EXERCISES—Illustrated System of Exercises for Strengthening the Muscles that Control the Eyes.

CHAPTER XI.—EYE HATS—How this Valuable Means of Strengthening the Eyes can be Taken—Shown by Illustration.

CHAPTER XII.—SPECIAL EXERCISES—Illustrated Exercises for the Neck which will affect the eyes beneficially.

Address PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO., Townsend Bldg., Broadway and 25th St., N. Y. City.

Macfadden's New Hair Culture

An original method of producing thick and luxuriant growth of hair. The book, with one year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE, \$1.25; book alone, prepaid, \$1.00.

ONE OF MANY TESTIMONIALS

Bernarr A. Macfadden:

I had typhoid fever four years ago and practically lost all my hair. I thought I was doomed to be bald-headed and tried all the various advertised medicines for hair growth, but none of them were of any benefit to me and my hair continued to fall out. After closely following your method for a period of three months, my hair has again grown into wonderful proportions, and not alone am I delighted with the results, but the quality and quantity of my hair is the envy of all my friends. Having read of the strength of good, healthy hair, I desired to test it, and actually lifted a child from the floor after she had a firm grasp upon it for a distance of three feet. "Where merit is due, praise should be given." Very truly yours,
SAMUEL JACOBY, 513 Broadway, New York.

CONTENTS: Cause of loss of hair may be local or constitutional. Massage of scalp with scalp masseur and by pulling process. How it is done. Partially dead hairs must always be removed. Hot and cold applications. Is baldness remediable? A remedy for baldness. How to kill microbes. Luxuriant beards. Bald heads. Why one can be possessed without the other. Excessive loss of hair and how remedied. Advice for both sexes. Remedy to prevent hair from turning gray. Dandruff—all about it. Brain work; does it produce baldness? Obesity the cause of loss of hair. Perspiration not cleansed from scalp injures the hair. Effect of unhappiness on the hair. GENERAL INFORMATION: Importance of bathing. Tight-fitting or heavy hats. Excessive dietetic indulgence—its effect on the hair. Why men grow bald more than women. Sun baths.

Physical Culture Publishing Co.
TOWNSEND BUILDING
25th St. and Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

